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The Week

HOW far, and in what manner, the Allies will push their demand for a surrender of German war leaders is uncertain as we go to press. Lord Robert Cecil "refuses to believe the story that such demands have been made"; and Baron Birkenhead, who drew the list, is now reported to favor its "radical modification." But whatever the Allies may choose as the next move, there can be no doubt what effect an ultimatum would have in Germany. However badly beaten in war, no people with national consciousness and national memories would help a government hunt down and surrender eight hundred of its leaders. The present government cannot engineer that coup. Nor are the Independent Socialists stupid enough to climb to power on such an issue. An ultimatum from the Allies would never produce the full roster of the accused war leaders; but it would present a long-awaited opportunity to those factions in Germany which desire chaos as a prerequisite to civil warfare.

IS there an insistent popular demand for the trial of Germany's war leaders that forces the Allied premiers to send an ultimatum to Berlin? There is little evidence of such a demand. Even in France the interest is lukewarm. An Associated Press dispatch from Paris declares that "the attitude of the public in general . . . . indicated the utmost indifference toward the demand for the extradition of the Germans." The French public, says this dispatch, is more interested in getting coal than in extraditing Germans. But there are French diplomats who, probably believing the people will get neither coal nor Germans, are urging an Allied ultimatum for reasons not included in the exchange of notes. If Germany remains obdurate there will be a new argument for the old claim to the left bank of the Rhine. Coblenz is worth a Hindenburg, Cologne better than all the Ludendorffs in Germany. That is the present argument of the imperialist forces in France.

WHAT Viscount Grey was ready to say about reservations may have been one of the reasons for Mr. Wilson's letter to Senator Hitchcock. The President is now ready to accept without change the five "interpretive" reservations proposed by Mr. Hitchcock and defeated in the Senate on November 19th. Concerning Article X he says that it is important "not to create the impression that we are trying to escape obligations," and intimates that he is accordingly hostile to a reservation in this instance. There will remain, nevertheless, a considerable body of responsible Americans whose precise wish it is "to escape obligations." Not obligations for the preservation of international goodwill or for the rehabilitation of Europe—but for the enforcement of such sections

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in the Paris treaty as give Shantung to China, the Austrian Tyrol to Italy, and the German districts of Bohemia to Czecho-Slovakia. There will be Americans to oppose Article X in unamended form so long as it does not rule out the defense of such spoils of war in terms so plain that none of us are confused about them.

THE lawlessness of recent activities of the Department of Justice has received a stinging rebuke from the Supreme Court of the United States in a decision holding that information illegally acquired in a "raid" of Department of Justice officials cannot be used as a basis for subpoenaing testimony for the trial. The raid in question, conducted in New York by Mr. Palmer's agents, was conducted "without a shadow of authority" and was a direct violation of the Fourth Amendment of the Constitution. There was not merely a technical or unintentional defect of legal right. "It must be assumed that the government planned or at all events ratified the whole procedure." The Department's position "could not be presented more nakedly." "It is that although, of course, its seizure was an outrage which the government now regrets, it may study the papers before it returns them, copy them, and then may use the knowledge that it has gained to call upon the owners in a more regular form to produce them." This position the Supreme Court condemns, and thereby condemns as unconstitutional and illegal the whole series of nation-wide raids with which the Attorney General has sought to entertain a jaded electorate.

THERE are evidences of panic in Attorney General Palmer's camp. It is clear that he has perceived the political significance of the growing revolt against his autocratic suppression of free speech and free press, and is gathering in his forces for a strategic retreat. It is no longer the "radical movement" that he is out to kill; now it is carefully designated the "red radical movement," in deference to the pinker hues. The Sterling and Graham bills, he fears, may tread upon the civil rights of the citizen. Indeed the Graham bill makes him "shudder a little." It might be used to suppress strikes. He does not believe, personally, in the postal censorship. His own Davey bill has been misinterpreted. When it penalizes any "act of hate" designed to change a law of the United States, it does not mean any act of hate, it merely means such things as bomb explosions. The denaturalization of naturalized aliens he is willing to see stricken out of the Davey bill. Such was Mr. Palmer's testimony before the House Judiciary Committee.

EVEN with the Palmer reservations, amendatory and interpretive, the Davey bill is still thoroughly vicious, and moreover a grave peril to organized labor. Section one, by penalizing "any act of force against any person or property" with intent to change the government or any law, or to hinder "the free performance by the United States government or any of its officers, agents or employees of its or his public duty," would probably be interpreted to do exactly what Congress has emphatically refused to do, render a railroad strike illegal. Indeed it would go much further than the abandoned anti-strike clauses in the Cummins bill, for a mere threat to call such a stike might expose the Brotherhood leaders to twenty year prison sentences. The most dangerous section of all, however, is section two. One who merely advocates, or justifies, or does anything "which tends to incite" any such act of force can be imprisoned for ten years. Under this section almost any forceful criticism of governmental abuses might be punished. A judge and jury might find, for instance, that criticism of Mr. Palmer's "red" raids had a tendency to incite some people forcibly to resist the ruthless methods of the Department of Justice, and send the editor of the New York Evening Post to jail for ten years. In almost any strike of magnitude they might find a tendency toward incidental acts of violence, and a remote political object, sufficient to constitute sedition under the bill. Organized labor and friends of political and civil liberty will commit a fatal error if they let Mr. Palmer's protestations of liberalism dull their opposition to any such legislation.

WHEN the trial of the five Socialist Assemblymen at Albany began, the chairman of their jury announced the charges brought against them. They were accused of being engaged "in a large and well-organized conspiracy" to achieve a variety of purposes—among others, "to subvert the due administration of the law," "to destroy the right to hold and own property honestly acquired"; "to weaken the family tie—which they assert is the seed of capitalism"; "to destroy the influence of the church"; and to "overturn the whole fabric of a constitutional form of government." After three weeks, counsel for the Judiciary Committee has now closed its case. The evidence against the Socialists is in. How far does it go to support the original indictment?

IT was shown by evidence submitted that the five Socialist Assemblymen had voted against various bills for compulsory military training, military appropriations, and so forth. A former member of the Board of Aldermen in New York City was

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questioned at great length about conditions in Moscow. An eighteen-year old girl from Brooklyn testified that in 1917 one of the accused Socialists had insulted the flag—but no other witnesses of the incident were produced. A half dozen gentlemen who have been touring the country to denounce Socialism were asked to tell what they thought of Socialists. Finally an effort was made to prove the five Assemblymen advocates of revolution, by producing an encouraging letter which one Socialist local had sent to Mr. L. C. K. Martens. But that local, it developed, had seceded from the Socialist Party and had actually nominated a rival candidate against one of the very men being tried. With claptrap and gossip the prosecution closed its case. It could not possibly have invented a weaker one.

THE precise terms of the conference committee's compromise on railroad legislation have not yet been made public. It seems, however, that the Transportation Board, intended by the Senate to supply the executive and constructive element in railroad regulation, has gone by the board; that all attempt at compulsory consolidation has been abandoned; and that the anti-strike provisions of the Cummins bill have been stricken out. The clause in the Cummins bill directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to make rates which will bring five and a half per cent on the railroad property in a given rate district, and "recapturing" part of the excess earnings of the more profitable roads, has been retained, with a modification increasing the share which the railroads may keep. With this single exception, there seems to be nothing in the conference bill except temporary makeshifts designed to ease the transition from public to private control.

THE mandatory rule of rate making and the excess profits feature of the conference bill have been hailed as epoch making steps toward a rehabilitation of railroad finance, and perhaps in the course of a decade or two they might prove beneficial. But it will be a mistake to expect that they will bring about any immediate improvement of the deplorable financial condition of the railroads of the country. The "value" of the railroads, upon which the statutory rate is to be calculated, will not be ascertained until the Interstate Commerce Commission's valuation work is completed, probably not for two years, and until the Supreme Court has passed upon its conclusions. Until then, the rate must be based upon "book values" of the railroads, which are admittedly untrustworthy, frequently fictitious, and must necessarily lead to long and paralyzing controversies between the railroads and the Commission. Moreover to tell the Commission to fix rates that will bring a stated percentage of return, is to tell the Commission to do precisely what it has been trying for a decade to do. The difficulty has been that with fluctuating traffic, fluctuating costs, and unforseeable contingencies, no power on earth could forecast what the earnings would be under given rates. The excess profits feature is of more importance, but its constitutionality has been vigorously assailed and will be bitterly contested in the courts by the more prosperous railroads. Hence it is highly improbable that this sole survival of the Cummins bill will have any appreciable effect on the situation.

BY the overwhelming vote of 106 to 17 a caucus of Democrats in the House of Representatives determined against the President's advice, to come out definitely against the passage of a compulsory military training bill by the present Congress. It is already evident that in the Senate, too, there will be opposition to compulsory training. In their minority report to the Senate, Mr. McKellar and Mr. Sheppard say: "Whatever the merits of compulsory military training, there is no necessity for putting it in force now, when the nation is laboring under such a load of debt and when we have such an ample number of well trained soldiers immediately available. Even the advocates of the system ought not to insist upon it now. They ought to be willing to postpone it for a few years." But that, it happens, is just what the advocates of the system do not want to do. "Unless universal military training is secured in the next few months," asserts Mr. D'Olier of the American Legion, "it will be lost entirely." Why?

MANY signs point to the growth of the cooperative movement in America. Agents of the Railway Brotherhoods state that as many as fifty new local units are being organized each week by workers in various industries. The movement is gaining particularly in Chicago, Seattle, Pittsburgh and among the miners of Illinois. It takes different forms. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, for instance, has announced the proposed organization of a labor bank, to handle some forty million dollars of labor funds. To consolidate various independent movements is one of the purposes of the conference now being held in Chicago between representatives of organized labor and of the more progressive farmers. With active trade union support behind it, the cooperative movement in America may develop rapidly. What the Maintenance of Way employees on the railways have done is particularly significant. They have purchased plants of their

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own in Michigan and Ohio for the manufacture of knit goods, gloves and other clothing, to be sold to members of the railway unions.

TERMS of peace agreed upon by Soviet Russia and Esthonia will not be of much help to those propagandists who are warning the world against a new imperialism masked by Russian socialism. The peace treaty, as summarized in a cable from Dorpat to the New York Times, gives the Soviets one concession. That is use of the waterfalls along the River Naroda. In return, what does Esthonia receive? Recognition of her independence; relief from her share in the repayment of the debt of the old Empire; fifteen million rubles in gold; and concessions for the building of a railway from Moscow to the Esthonian border. Esthonia, with a population less than one per cent of Russia's, seems to have struck a bargain better than the average.

WILL Poland follow Esthonia's lead—and choose peace rather than a war which is described as defensive but which actually has taken Polish troops a hundred miles into Russian territory? The Polish government has replied to Russia's peace offer by stating that it is studying the proposed treaty; and Poland's Minister to the United States asserts that the treaty will be accepted if the right guarantees can be given in respect to Soviet propaganda. But when the real decision is made it will not be Poland, but France and England who will decide the question. So far as France is concerned, the Foreign Office seems still to be determined that Poland shall wage an offensive war. From London, however, come different reports. "If Poland is considering making peace," says an Associated Press dispatch, "she is doing so in the knowledge that the Allies will not oppose her in the matter."

DESPITE the finality with which it has been shown that Admiral Kolchak had no popular backing in Siberia, a few makers of myths like the New York Times are still protesting that if he had had only a little Allied support Kolchak would have brought back democracy in Russia. But even as American troops are being withdrawn, revolutionists seize Vladivostok in what the cables describe as an effort "to stop interference with their internal affairs by foreigners." And General Gaida, commander of the Czecho-Slovakian troops which fought so long against the Soviet armies that their anti-Bolshevism is well established, declares that the first reason for Kolchak's failure was the Supreme Ruler's idea of a "reactionary dictatorship for himself, while the Czech commander and other generals, as well as the population, wanted a constituent Assembly which would quickly settle all social questions, particularly the agrarian problem."

THE British Labor party delegation which visited Ireland reports that country "almost universally" opposed to the settlement recently proposed by Mr. George. This declaration is made at a time when there is a good deal in the news to verify it. The Republican flag has been hoisted on the City Hall in Dublin by a municipal council composed mostly of Sinn Feiners; the corporations of Cork and of Limerick have acknowledged the Dail Eraenn as the lawful government. So far as the British Labor party is concerned, it is announced that the Irish policy represented by its delegates is to be placed before the whole party, and not merely before its Parliamentary members. Meantime the Lloyd George government, in a new series of raids, arrests six hundred Sinn Fein leaders.

A PRIZE goes to the amateur who can draw the best program for the Republican party; and if you are competing for it, and have already submitted your manuscript, you will be justified in demanding a second chance. For Mr. Will Hays, perhaps forgetting that the competition isn't over, confides to the newspaper correspondents what sort of program his party ought to have. It is a program with five planks: (1) law and order; (2) lighter taxes; (3) "better relations between capital and labor;" (4) economy in administration, and (5) confidence in the Republican party. How does your own program compare with Mr. Hays's? You have a slim chance for any prize if you haven't the faculty of being optimistic and indefinite.

The Meaning of Hoover's Candidacy

WE TRUST American public opinion will grasp the important meaning and the rare intellectual honesty which underlies Herbert Hoover's recent statement about his Presidential candidacy. It is true that as the word is ordinarily understood Mr. Hoover is not a candidate. No man can call himself a candidate who refuses to run either for the Republican or Democratic nomination and who bases his refusal on the grounds stated by Mr. Hoover. But he is in the present crisis something better and more significant than a candidate for the party suffrage of either Democrats or Republicans. He is the spokesman and the embodiment of the profound discontent and the utter disgust which Americans who understand what is happening to the world and to their own

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country, feel at the gross obscurantism and incompetence of the existing leadership of both political parties. The next President and the next Congress will find themselves confronted by a group of domestic and foreign problems as complex, as momentous and as difficult as those which have ever confronted any government since the beginning of politics. Yet the candidates for the nominations of both parties are assuming either ignorant or ambiguous attitudes towards these problems, and they are trying to conceal their ignorance and evasions under high sounding phrases and patriotic pretenses. In declaring that he "must exercise a prerogative of American citizenship and decline to pledge his vote blindfold" Mr. Hoover is expressing the attitude of millions of Americans who want to know what the parties and the candidates stand for and what significant differences there are among them.

Although Mr. Hoover's candidacy has on this basis only a small chance of success, those who believe in it cannot consent to give it up. It has only a small chance of success, because the political leaders of the two parties will bitterly resist the nomination of a man whose candidacy associates itself with such a drastic criticism of their own leadership. The people who want Mr. Hoover nominated and elected are numerous and influential; but they are hardly numerous and influential enough to overcome the stubborn opposition of the party machines. Such as they are, however, they are not going to quit. If they cannot nominate Mr. Hoover, they can at least keep his candidacy in the open and on the highroad for the sake of forcing the other candidates out from behind the obscurity of their patriotic pretensions and their unpatriotic evasions. At such a fateful moment in the history of the world and of their own country, good citizens must refuse to connive at the practical suppression of realistic political discussion for the benefit of two blind, uncertain, apprehensive and irresponsible political machines.

The truth is, of course, that neither Republicanism or Democracy, in its traditional expression, possesses any particular meaning in relation to the radical political and economic questions which the events of the last few years have laid on the table for discussion and action. The formulas of the Jeffersonian Democracy and the New Freedom are pitifully inadequate to assist in the reconstruction of an industrial society, threatened with unprecedented concentrations of irresponsible power in the hands of capitalists, labor unions and bureaucrats. The exclusive nationalism of the Republican party and the inability of the class which controls it to adjust its policy either to the need of cooperation with other countries or to the similar need of cooperation with other American classes form an insuperable drawback in dealing with a world which is craving for appeasement and reunion. There is a faction among the Democrats with Mr. Bryan at its head, which is trying to steer Democracy in the direction of a cloudy and muddy radicalism, but it makes small headway. There is a larger faction among the Republicans with Leonard Wood at its head, which is trying to restore Republicanism to the unadulterated capitalism of the McKinley era, but it meets with stiff resistance and can scarcely succeed. There is no faction in either party which is capable of converting the party organizations and traditions into agencies of a realistic and humane American public policy. Both of them are conspiring to disparage as unpatriotic the radical habit of thought which alone can deal constructively with economic and political problems of such magnitude and profundity.

Mr. Hoovers candidacy, repudiated though it be by the candidate, serves the essential purpose of showing up the unreality of the competing candidates and the political bankruptcy of the two party machines. It is the expression of the manifest need of a new agency of party agitation and action in American politics. For the two existing parties will never as the result of internal criticism again become effective instruments for the definition and determination of national policy. They will continue to fight sham battles about ambiguous issues, until a rising flood of popular opposition from the outside forces them seriously to consider the political and economic realities of the living world. There is, in our opinion, only one source from which the needed opposition can ultimately come—and that is from a combined farmers' and labor party.

The same newspaper which published Mr. Hoover's statement contained the announcement by the American Federation of Labor of disenchantment with both parties and of increased future interference in politics. Mr. Gompers and his associates did not, it is true, come out for a labor party. He merely announced a broadening of the Federation's old policy of favoring the party and candidates which were friendly to labor. But the announcement is none the less certain to accelerate the organization of a new farmers' and workmen's party. It is absurd to advise union labor to choose between the candidates and policies of two parties both of which Mr. Gompers and his associates condemn as the foes of free institutions and democratic ideals. If political action on the part of labor is as essential as the Federation statement makes it out to be, the only realistic alternative for labor is to build a party of its own which can initiate a constructive policy and nominate candidates to carry

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it out. Otherwise it will be confined, as the so-called independent vote has always been confined, to choosing between the unsatisfactory candidates and the ambiguous policies proposed by the older parties. "Constructive legislation," says the A. F. of L. statement, "has never been so necessary as at present." True, but how can labor extort constructive legislation from parties which have not any mind or any will to initiate radical changes? The statement means that the opposition of the Old Guard in the A. F. of L. to a labor party is breaking down. It means that labor will continue and complete the work, now being started by Mr. Hoover's supporters, of forcing the two old parties to come out from behind the protection of patriotic phrases and tell the American people how they propose to act in order to mend the gaping breaks in our national life and in the life of the modern civilized world.

Bringing the Constitution into Disrepute

TO those who are curious to learn just how far fundamental political rights are being violated at the instigation of the Department of Justice, we recommend a dispassionate examination of the facts surrounding the recent conviction of three Syracuse socialists under the Espionage law.

The men are American citizens, born in this country, and members of the Socialist party. In the fall of 1919, more than seven months after the armistice was signed, they distributed leaflets calling a meeting, under the auspices of the Socialist party, in favor of amnesty for political prisoners. The leaflets contained drawings, by a radical artist, picturing alleged instances of ill-treatment of political prisoners at barracks and in federal prisons. A political prisoner at Leavenworth, for instance, is being beaten with a baseball bat. A prisoner at McNeil Island, Washington, is suspended from the ceiling by a rope attached to manacles on his wrists. A third is standing on his toes with a rope around his neck, while a booted officer kicks him. A fourth is chained to the bars of his cell. The meeting is called "To protest against these atrocities and voice the following demand: Mr. President, let our people go." The text is as follows:

"American citizens, charged with no crimes against persons or property and guilty only of expressing their political, industrial and religious beliefs, are subjected to these tortures in your prisons.

"These people were convicted in violation of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Their conviction was made possible only by the war hysteria prevailing at that time. Whatever justification these conditions gave, no longer exists. The war is over. No justification exists, or ever did exist, for these brutal and inhuman tortures inflicted on defenseless victims by your agents and representatives.

"In the name of Liberty and Justice we demand the release of all prisoners whose alleged crimes consisted in the peaceable expression and maintenance of their political opinions, industrial activities or religious beliefs."

The reverse side of the leaflet contained pictures of prominent political prisoners, the First Amendment of the Constitution, a quotation from the Supreme Court opinion in ex parte Milligan, a quotation from a speech of President Wilson, a statement by Frank P. Walsh demanding the repeal of wartime legislation restricting free speech, and a request to write letters to the President, to Senators and Congressmen demanding the release of political prisoners.

Such was the leaflet. The charge was publication of "disloyal, profane, scurrilous and abusive language about the form of government of the United States and the military forces of the United States," and of language designed to bring the form of government of the United States, the Constitution and the military forces into "contempt, scorn, contumely or disrepute," and furthermore to incite resistance to the United States, to promote the success of its enemies and to "obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States."

All these crimes the court and the jury found in the leaflet which we have described. The men were convicted on all the counts, and sentenced to imprisonment for a year and a half. The argument was simple. To charge the army with brutality, even if the facts charged were true, tended to make people dislike the army. People who dislike the army are not likely to enlist. Therefore the leaflet was an attempt to "obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States." Just how it brought the "form of government" or the Constitution into disrepute was perhaps not so clear. It will be remembered with what care that word "form" was put into the law by Congressmen who did not want to stop citizens from pointing out the shortcomings of public officials. Apparently court and jury believed that the "form" of our government was so vulnerable that a mere attack upon the policy of the administration brought it into hatred and contempt. They must have considered that the Constitution was brought into disrepute by the publication of the First Amendment.

This case, coupled with the expulsion of the Socialists from the New York Assembly, marks the

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climax in the heresy hunt. That such decisions are possible in a democratic country, under a constitution which guarantees freedom of speech and of press, and "the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances," shows how high the tide of hysteria has flown. Perhaps the decision will be reversed on appeal. But the harm it has done cannot be so easily expunged. The jury, which convicted the men, the judge, who sustained the conviction and passed sentence, and the Department of Justice, which conducted the prosecution, have themselves done more to bring the form of government of the United States and the Constitution into contumely and disrepute than all the Socialist literature in the country.

Black-Jack Propaganda

FOR several years the American reading public has enjoyed or endured the debate between the Federal Trade Commission and the great packing companies. The Federal Trade Commission, after an investigation, which, when all published, will fill seven bulky volumes, pronounced the packing companies in fact a monopoly, controlling the prices at which the producer must sell his live stock and at which the consumer must buy his meat. The Commission emphasized, besides, the fact that this great aggregation of capital was reaching out for the control of other food products as well—butter, cheese, poultry and eggs, and much else that does not at first glance appear suitable to absorption into the packing business. It published much evidence suggesting unlawful combination and unfair discrimination, but it made no recommendations looking to prosecution, urging instead such a reorganization of the business as would in its opinion leave the field open to all comers. The packing companies have replied that the inference of monopoly control is unjustified, that no unfair or discriminating practices are now in use, that the profits of the business are modest, and that the proposed reforms, while of no great consequence one way or the other, would make for reduced efficiency and hence higher prices to the consumer. The Federal Trade Commission, they assert, was violently biased against them and they support the assertion by a specific analysis of certain points in which it appears, on the surface at least, that the Commission omitted facts that might have borne out different conclusions from those reached and pressed other facts to conclusions not properly warranted.

We are not now sitting to judge this debate. We may, however, record our impression that the Commission's report, to judge from the volumes already in print, is ably done. With or without bias? For the greater part, without, but what group of investigators ever set down seven volumes in print without exhibiting bias somewhere? The replies of the packers have also been ably done. And with hundreds of thousands of dollars for "educational advertising," the packers have easily the better of it before the reading public. To one man who has a definite impression of what the Federal Trade Commission tried to do, there are no doubt a dozen who have the impression that the Commission's work was a demagogic fizzle. By so much has private propaganda outrun official report. But there is nothing new or, as the practice goes, illegitimate in that. The packers were attacked openly, and they fought back openly. Blow for blow; and they hit the harder.

Where private propaganda passes the line of legitimate self-defence and becomes wholly pernicious to the public interest is in using its power to stop the mouths of those whose views do not please it. Let the packers buy space in a publication to present their side of the case; that is legitimate. Let them try to ruin a newspaper that presents the other side; that is to cheat the public of the right to weigh and judge. Believe, if you like, that it is good public policy to permit one of the chief necessities of life to fall under the control of a small group of men who are interested only in their own private enrichment. You still can not believe that it is good public policy that the same self-interested group should monopolize the expression of opinion on the matter.

Are the packers in fact attempting any such control of public opinion? We offer in evidence one instance which would at least bear explaining. Everybody knows what kind of organization the National Consumers' League is, what kind of work it has done. It has labored persistently, and successfully, to advance the interests of decency and humanity in our system of production. Everybody knows what kind of American its secretary, Mrs. Florence Kelley is. You can not name another American who has devoted himself more unselfishly, more courageously to the fundamental democratic cause of holding industry to the requirement of providing conditions of employment compatible with public health and morality. We have confidence in the survival of American democratic institutions and their peaceful evolution toward more perfect democracy because our national life does somehow generate individuals like Mrs. Kelley, organizations like the Consumers' League, that have the energy and courage to throw themselves against every influence, however powerful,

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that makes for perversion of the principles on which American democracy rests.

Now, it was not possible for such an organization as the Consumers' League nor for such a citizen as Mrs. Kelley to observe an attitude of detachment toward a condition so vitally affecting the life of the masses as the perverse spiral of rising living costs. Nor was it possible, in dealing with that problem, to disregard the fact that the main part of the meat supply of America is controlled by a small body of immensely rich and ambitious men. To the Consumers' League this fact appears perilous, as indeed it must to every American brought up in the traditional belief that the unrestricted pursuit of private gain is compatible with the public interest only under the condition of active, pervasive competition. The packing companies assert that such competition exists in the meat industry, in spite of the small numbers of effective competitors and the apparent relations of comity and amity between them. Mrs. Kelley has not been able to accept this defence, and on several occasions has publicly stated her views, which are substantially in accord with those of the Federal Trade Commission. To these public statements the packers have made public reply, as they had a right to do.

But they did not confine themselves to answering publicly charges made in public. They have addressed themselves to the problem of exacting pressure to stop Mrs. Kelley's mouth. Mrs. Kelley exerts her influence through the League, and as an officer of the League. Now, that is not an endowed organization, and thereby invulnerable to pressure. Not only has the League not sought endowments; it has rejected proposals looking toward endowment, because it chose to draw its means of existence from the source to which it owes responsibility, the body of public spirited consumers. That is not a body of radicals, but of open-minded persons who would be extremely sensitive to any charge of demagogy or economic heresy leveled against the League. Now, the patrons of the League, as far as they could be reached, have been bombarded by "literature" of which the following excerpts afford a sample.

> "As an active worker of the Consumers' League, you should be interested in the campaign that the National League has inaugurated with respect to the packing business. I know that the Consumers' League has done splendid work in the past—but it has accomplished something worth while because it has worked hard on the side of right and justice. You surely do not want to destroy its effectiveness by spending its energies on a campaign that is based on misconception of facts, and on the false findings of a prejudiced government report. . . . .
>
> "I do not know how active you are in shaping the policies of the Consumers' League, but the fact that you are connected with the League suggests to me that you will at least be interested in considering this important matter.
>
> I shall be very glad to have your opinion as to whether you think it a good plan for the Consumers' League to be stirring up discontent and adding to the prejudice that already exists with regard to the packing industry. I shall also be glad to give you any further information you desire.
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> L. F. Swift."

Reach the patrons of the National Consumers' League if you can, Mr. Swift, and try to scare them away by your insinuations. Let every other industry whose policies the League can not endorse pursue the same practice. If you succeed, you will have killed the League; or if it accepts your discipline, you will have destroyed its reason for existence. Is your case so weak, then, that you must resort to methods like that? Have you no better defense against an open and frank and honest attack than a black-jack swung in the darkness?

For a Financial Conference, Nevertheless

THE American government will make no more extensive loans to European governments. It will not entertain the suggestion that the loans it has already made should be cancelled, in consideration of the cancellation of loans granted by the several European governments to one another. It will not consider the acceptance, on account of sums due from Allied countries, of any share in the German indemnity claims. Such is the temper of our Treasury department, of Congress, and we believe, of the great majority of the people. We regret that conditions have been such as to make this apparently selfish attitude on the part of the United States natural and inevitable. We regret that the objectives of the war were not such that we might honestly have looked upon it as in every respect an international enterprise of which we ought to assume our proportionate share of the burdens, reckoning from the beginning. But the fact is that the war was only partly of this character. The overthrow of aggressive autocracy, the vindication of the sanctity of treaties, was as much our affair as that of other nations. But our Allies

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fought for these ends, and also for the benefits promised them under the secret treaties, in which America could have no interest. They insisted upon realizing those benefits in the peace, and they did realize them, in the main. Thereby they made every argument for common sharing of burdens sound hollow in the ears of practical minded Americans. Pertinax comments in the Echo de Paris that "the truth of the matter is that the politicians of Washington are vexed at the small success of the Fourteen Points." That is a small part of the truth. The greater part is that the whole American people know that the war was made more desperate, the peace negotiations more tediously protracted, the peace more ambiguous and insecure by the thirst of our Allies for annexations and indemnities. Most Americans do not blame the Allies for taking what they wanted, but they refuse to be bamboozled into believing that America ought to go share and share alike in the costs of the operation.

So much for the governments of Europe. They may go their way and we will go ours, so far as post war public finance is concerned. But there are relations between the American people and the peoples of Europe that can not be so summarily disposed of. The peoples of Europe are our best customers, and their prosperity is essential to our own. Our industry produced last year eight billion dollars' worth of products beyond our home consumption, and over five billions of that surplus found a vent in Europe. Secretary Glass intimates that if the European countries can not find means of paying for those products we shall look for other buyers. But that is to overlook the nature of the products we have in excess. Where can we sell any considerable amount of wheat and meat except in Europe? Where but to Europe shall we send our surplus of cotton and cottonseed oil, of copper and its manufactures? South America and the Orient can in time be made to take larger amounts of American products, but the creation of new demands is necessarily a slow process. A serious clogging of the trade bound for Europe, on the other hand, would not be slow to produce results that American business could not contemplate with optimism. A decline in prices and a slackening in production would be one of those results. Whether any probable restriction of European exports could actually produce a commercial crisis and industrial depression here is a question on which experts disagree. We ought, however, to keep in mind the fact that American trade and industry are not in the most stable condition. There is too much high cost production, buoyed up by high prices and greedy markets. There is too much speculation, relatively to the real enterprise that goes with it. Our credit structure reaches out for the winds with all its topsails; a squall would be embarrassing. Let us be conservative and assume that nothing more serious could happen to us than a fifteen per cent shrinkage in our annual product. Still fifteen per cent of our product is ten billion dollars, the practical equivalent of all the loans to foreign governments whose possible repudiation gives us so much concern.

We do not wish to imply that American interest in the condition of Europe is exclusively or even mainly a matter of our own economic welfare. To our view, the humanitarian and cultural and political interests are each of importance superior to the economic. For Europe to want the necessities of life is an infinitely greater evil than for us to want buyers for our surplus of necessities. In the long run we need more the literature and painting and music and science created by the European peoples than we need their trade; and we can not expect those fruits of civilization to ripen freely in the midst of distress and insecurity. We need stable and humane and free governments in Europe, that we may enjoy such government here. But these superior reasons for concern over the fate of Europe we may as well hold in reserve, because the definitely measurable economic interest is quite sufficient to command the earnest consideration of a practical people.

First of all we must ask ourselves, is there anything that can be done—except by way of charity —which is not already being done through the regular operations of trade? We believe that there is a great deal that could be done if the leaders of industry, trade, finance and shipping would get together in an international conference to determine how just that minimum stimulus can be given to industry, now here, now there, that would raise it from anaemic invalidism to self sufficient vigor. As an example of what could be done we may cite the method by which Dutch traders and financiers are breathing at least a little life into German industry. The Dutch are supplying raw materials with the stipulation that a definite proportion of the finished product shall be turned over to them to make good their advances with a profit. The remainder of the product remains in the hands of the manufacturer and serves the double purpose of paying wages and of supplying consumers who would otherwise have to go without. The Dutch business men who are carrying on so useful an enterprise must, of course, represent a fairly powerful combination. They must have the commercial connections that will enable them to dispose of the products, and influence enough to secure the consent of

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the German and Allied governments. Manifestly, however, their sphere of action is limited. They would not find it safe to extend their activities far into any field that involved competition with their national industries or those of the Allied nations. They have to limit themselves not only by considerations of the soundness of the operations, nor even by their limited financial power, but by a long array of nationalistic jealousies and prejudices as well. That they can do anything at all suggests how much could be accomplished under a plan sponsored by the collective financial and commercial leadership of the western world.

It is not here proposed that this plan of production on shares should be generally applied. We recognize that it is for the most part impracticable. But there is enough financial and commercial ability in the world to devise means for opening up the channels of international barter, once it organizes for the task.

For in spite of the destruction and wear and tear of war, Europe possesses in the aggregate an immense reserve of mechanical power unused, an immense supply of labor inadequately employed. It is not now a question of erecting new factories, opening new mines, but a question of getting materials where machinery and labor are waiting for them, or if the material is at hand, of providing coal, or the advances for wages, or of cutting across national boundaries and prejudices to the available markets. The parts of the productive combination requiring heavy investment and long waiting are already at hand. Supplying what else is wanting could in a great variety of cases be done without risk, if done under a comprehensive plan, and therefore would be done forthwith by private finance, if governments merely refrained from interference. And such an international conference as has been proposed should carry weight enough to excite in governments a willingness to cooperate.

What could such a conference do to remove the disturbances in exchange between Europe and America? For one thing it could organize a machinery by which securities held in Europe might be appraised as to their real soundness and made available for sale or hypothecation in America. And for another thing it could exert pressure effectively upon the governments of Europe to reduce their currency and credit to order. We must recognize that it is no easy task for any government to move toward currency deflation. Every such move appears at first to involve a curtailment of credit and an unfavorable reaction upon production. To combine deflation with a powerful international effort to restore economic activity would be greatly to reduce the difficulties the several governments would encounter.

Such an international conference would have much more important work to do than that of passing upon the advisability of new government loans. Yet such loans should certainly not be excluded from consideration. Such countries as Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania do not in fact possess the productive equipment they require to make their material resources and labor power count. They have not as yet the established private business that can command credit from abroad. Bad as is the credit of the governments, it is better than that of the business community. It is the latter that needs the credit, but may not the governments be made to serve in an intermediary capacity? Of course such loans could float only if given security by the assignment of particular revenues, as the recent assignment of the Austrian tobacco monopoly to Dutch financiers, or by a position of priority over other obligations. It might even be found that Italy, Belgium and France could wisely employ the priority loan for getting back to a sound financial condition. Such loans, of course, would not be between governments, but would be subscribed by private investors. An international conference would have nothing to do with them except to consider whether they were sound, and likely to prove of substantial general benefit.

There is work enough for an international conference to do. It is pressing work, and now that the position of the United States government is clear and no statesman can hope to divert the conference from economic to political purposes, there appears no valid reason for putting it off further. The history of the last year has not been such as to support the view that the economic restoration of Europe ought to be left to the healing of time, alone. The world can not afford another wasted year.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT — WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON — PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

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The Temper of the Present Time

I.

WE have concentrated into the fury of the past five years a generation of eager experience. Certainly no such intellectual upheaval has been known since the spectacle of Revolutionary France burst upon a world divided between fear and admiration. Over and above the spectacle of a world amazed at the prevalence of dissent from acknowledged dogma in art and science and religion, we have a widespread attack upon social notions not a decade ago conceived as fundamental. Yet we have been less prepared for the meaning of our experience than might have been expected. Great wars, it is obvious enough, have always been the parent of some spiritual reconstruction; nor can we, even if we will, destroy their offspring. The real danger of our time is lest we fail to realize that, though the scale of our problem may be unique, its substance is as old as the state itself. Every generation must think out anew the conditions of its freedom. To some, as to Luther, the main effort may be the emancipation of the soul from religious trammels. To others, as to Rousseau, it is the hatred of political oppression which stirs to anger. In our own age, at least for western civilization, the major political and religious liberties have been secured so that it is upon industrial freedom that the issue is mainly joined.

What, at the moment, seems most clear is that new definitions of our needs will meet the hatred of existing institutions precisely as in the past. Things outside the accustomed categories of accepted thought become horrible in much the same way that Luther became the symbol of anarchic thought to the Roman Catholic, or Rousseau to the stout legitimist. That suspicion today goes deeper because an institution more fundamental than faith or privilege is attacked. The centuries since the Reformation saw the slow victory of the demand for certain definite and practical liberties; in our own day the demand is for equalities no less definite and practical in their turn. It is obvious enough that this demand goes to the root of our social system. It is ultimately incompatible with the existing distribution of wealth. It is ultimately incompatible also with the existing industrial technique. It strikes at the basis of the notion of a leisured class. It may involve the abrogation of the wages-system. No one can fail to understand why vistas such as these can, even if they be remote, arouse deep indignation. They threaten an existing order as Lincoln's order to relieve Fort Sumter threatened the foundations of the slave-owning aristocracy of the South. The problem for those who have a stake in the present system is the means by which their defence is to be organized.

Yet here, as in the past, the value of that defence depends, at least in part, upon the atmosphere in which particular and individual responses to the new demand are received. It is improbable that social truth has been confided to one man or set of men. The very basis of wisdom, indeed, is the admission that this is a changing world. The value of political or social principle is thus different from the value of mathematical axioms. From any survey of the facts the main thing that emerges is the variety of view by which we are confronted. That very variety makes hopeless our acceptance of the medieval idea of unity. We cannot hack our way to some artificial uniformity of outlook. In early history, indeed, difference of opinion was the chief ground for conflict, as in the middle ages when therewere no heretics save thosewho were occupied in being burnt. But slowly, and mainly, be it added, through the influence of early American example, men have come to see that death need not be the penalty for difference. The struggle was long and, as the records show, it was bitterly hard. The First Amendment may be necessary to wipe out the stain of Alien and Sedition laws; on Bradlaugh's deathbed only may the House of Commons come to see how infamous were certain of its resolutions. Yet, if the victory was slow, it was pitilessly sure; and, on the whole, though with notable exceptions, we are proud of our heritage.

It is probable that our own time is most largely differentiated from preceding ages by the swiftness with which changes may be made. Changes in the technique of communication and improvement in the method of record have gone far to annihilate the problem of space. The war itself has shown us how deep-seated may become a new tradition within a brief span of time, how generously pliant is the racial memory. It was inevitable that the eddies of this current should sweep the foundations of our social system. We too easily forget that we have inherited the means of an Industrial Revolution; and so vast are its potentialities that we have not the power, even if we had the right, to declare that our age marks the term of its development. The perspective of the last age has suffered readjustment and our problem is adaptation, in some orderly and continuous fashion, to the new facts we encounter. The maelstrom of Russia is, after all, only the mode of a curve which registers, even if in a less degree,

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the growth of difference between the American civilization of yesterday and that of our own time. Neither hatred nor contempt can change the difference. What is of main importance is the temper in which we confront it.

And here it is worth while to note that the difference in America is bound, at least ultimately, to be more difficult than in the ancient world. Most European nations are rooted in a certain homogeneity of tradition; with America the starting point, at least since 1866, is its antithesis. Until 1866 the contrast was, perhaps, relatively insignificant; since the great tidal wave of immigration it has become of paramount importance. For whereas in the search for change most European nations have but a single experience to conciliate in meeting the demand for idealistic novelty, in America there is no single experience to be explored. Into the uprush of the national consciousness there flow hints and dreams to which a hundred past civilizations have contributed. Inevitably, therefore, the tests of good and evil in American institutions are far more complex than in the old world. It means that the America which looks to the Pilgrim Fathers and the Revolution for its principles must check their claims by other standards. The new America will not be imprisoned by its past for the simple reason that every group of immigrants has made that past a different thing by the new standpoint they have brought to its interpretation. Even such multiplicity of outlook is far too simple. It presupposes that the past is known, and, being known, controls us. Yet what in fact prevails is the dim memory of oppression most valiantly overthrown and a flag which each will invest with a meaning that his own environment suggests with most decisiveness. Freedom to the starving striker in Pittsburgh will be different from its interpretation by the corporation lawyer who reads the third-hand condemnation of that same striker's thoughts as he rides to his office in the club-car of a suburban train.

So widespread is this variety of outlook that many are appalled by its suggestiveness. There seems no single institution which, in its immediate form, has gone unchallenged; with the result that to many, that hold on certainty which makes life intelligible is largely gone. At the back of many minds there is a fear that dissent of this sort may be the prelude to anarchy and disorder. They know, or dimly feel, that immense labor has gone into the building of the present system; they have rarely the time and but seldom the taste to search for coherency in the new forms that are urged. Nor do they welcome what would compel a revaluation of accepted standards. With such a thing they may have toyed in art or faith; but experiment in the unknown has there a cultural sanction which does not attach to social inquiry. Nothing is more terrible than economic uncertainty; and the scepticism of our time seems to present them at least with this. We are faced by a strange portent; and the primitive impulse to protect with blind determination, standards we have been accustomed to regard as uniquely our own prerogative, makes us turn savagely against those who urge the inevitable onset of a new day.

II.

That fear has taken diverse and curious forms. Sometimes it is intellectualized into a panegyric upon education. Let men but learn the mysteries of culture and they will be reconciled to a life in which struggle for all and defeat for most is the inevitable law. The history of education is in truth far different; the growth and spread of knowledge have been invariably the precursors of social change. Sometimes the acceptance of religious faith is urged as the true panacea. That has been true in the past; as where Wesleyanism, for example, excited an inner emotion which blinded many to their outward state. But religious faith has hardly maintained its ground since the hypothesis of evolution was applied to the history of dogma; and the total failure of Christianity in the face of social inequality is too obvious to make it acceptable to the disinherited.

Most often the response takes a cruder form. The acceptance of inevitable change in the basis of our social system is stigmatized as morally wrong and politically obnoxious. A penalty is attached to the opinions it reflects; and the vast machinery of the law is brought into operation against those who hold them. All speculation which at any point is prone to emphasize the possibility of a redistribution of economic power and, even worse, to indicate the weapons that may be used, is suspect by what it is. Ideas that have not upon them the stamp of accredited antiquity become branded as poison. The Soviet form of government must not be taken to possess a substance worthy of our study. The vital thing is to use the force of government to repress incipient novelties in thought. The America which has seen the world in flames must not speculate upon the meaning of fire.

It is the natural weapon of a panic; and it has not even the merit of originality. Every critical age of history has seen its resurrection and its failure, just as the succeeding period of calm has invariably condemned its use. No one now defends the policy against a supposed sedition into which the ignorant rhetoric of Burke tempted his terrified generation. No one now supposes that the calculated oppression of Pobedonostev was any answer to

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the grievances he disliked to hear. Bismarck's jails could never imprison the principles of socialism. The House of Commons that expelled John Wilkes only announced its own degradation.

And this for the simplest of reasons. "Reform in order that you may preserve," is, as Macaulay said on the eve of the Reform Bill, "the watchword of great events." But in our terror we do not examine that sober-minded induction from a long experience. A few distinguished figures, like Mr. Justice Holmes, have detachment enough to realize that no social order is a final arrangement, and that even if it were perfect, its perfection would still have to be explained. But, for most, the admission that some grievances are real is to open the floodgates of revolution. They do not believe in solution by discussion. The watchwords of dissent are, for them, the guarantees of disorder. A spasmodic outbreak of violence, born of a sudden fit of passing unwisdom, becomes for them the index to the presence of a deep and calculated resistance to authority; and, inevitably, they link up that outbreak to the general political philosophy they happen to dislike. They do not remember, as Burke so wisely pointed out, that "the people have no interest in disorder; when they are guilty, it is their error and not their crime." The error of some becomes the crime of all. To yield to it at once becomes a weakness unworthy of a powerful nation. Every measure at all calculated to allay unrest becomes at once untimely. The fear of revolution is harped upon without ceasing. Every new plan is its precursor and the final assault predicted if it be accepted. It is a theme well fitted to every instrument. And it is certain, if sufficient passion be aroused, to divert attention from the real grievances in debate, to the fears of a contingent revolution which such diversion alone makes possible.

It yet remains true that thought cannot be broken by fear and its instruments; the most they can do is to drive it underground. No one will believe in the existing order, save those who have an interest in maintaining it, unless it can stand the criticism its opponents can bring to bear. Otherwise, assuredly, it represents a credo quid absurdum which those only will accept whom it pays to do so. It is this, above all, which makes inexpedient the attempt by law to classify ideas as right and wrong. Every social order has begun to court destruction exactly at the point where it has postulated its own infallibility. Legislation may drive the timid to acquiescence, but it drives the bold to desperation.

And it does more. For legislation involves the use of the courts as its instrument, and thereby it gives to ideas a currency they could not otherwise hope to attain. The folly of every intellectual censorship lies exactly in this, that it arouses in us the natural curiosity for the forbidden. If the clergy had left Darwin alone they would not have had to confront the grim spectre of Huxley as his watchdog. If Tsarism had not penalized the theory of constitutional government it would not have led to the triumph of Lenin.

These are the maxims of elementary political prudence. But there is a wider case for their observance which, in the present temper, seems likely to escape our notice. What we fail consistently to realize is how much the overwhelming force of society is always opposed to novelty. We live by our routines. We believe firmly in that to which we have grown accustomed long after it has been shown to be without foundation in the logic of fact. And in all such aspects, it is difficult for us to feel otherwise. The work of discussion is so slow that compared to the habits of our social inheritance it has little opportunity to destroy. Yet few governments have the wisdom to allow their principle to be discussed. They feel, like General Cavaignac, that a government which allows its principle to be discussed is lost. But that is to imply that the principle cannot face discussion as also that discussion is the parent of action. This latter relation may be true; but it is rarely that discussion attains the maturity of factual validation unless it has root in some neglected human need.

The real argument against our present temper, in fact, is that only by toleration have we any real index to the desires of men. And, after all, at least in a democratic society, the test of wise government is its responsiveness to those desires. If we allow that type of person to prevail in government who has strong opinions and finds the engines of the state the easiest means to their propagation, we either produce a tragic inertia or a violent revolution. In every society there are one-idea'd men with a mania for persecution. If they in times of stress make use of the power of the state, they either destroy the honesty of their opponents or feed the flame of their vengeance higher by the opportunity of nourishment they are afforded. But they have nowhere produced conviction. And even if their success were assumed, it would be the success of intellectual starvation. It is the failure of such men which, on the grand scale, produced the Russian revolution.

It is, of course, urged that to admit discussion of ideas which strike at the root of our social scheme is tantamount to inviting its destruction. But that is to argue at once that there is agreement as to what constitutes the foundation of our social scheme and that it is, in any case, too weak to stand the fires of criticism. But no man can safely as-

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sume the first hypothesis. 'Americanism' in the mouth of General Leonard Wood is not what it means in the mouth of Mr. Hoover. The second hypothesis would involve either the view that the present system is right, because of its intellectual weakness or else that all revolution is wrong. No American, at least, can argue this last view with any plausibility. Or if he urged, as some apparently are willing to urge, that the last revolution capable of defence, at least in America, occurred in 1776, we should have to examine that doctrine with much care; and even if historic analysis led us to accept the assumption, we should find, in the absence of wise response to popular desire, that despite our principles, the revolution would come.

III.

The only safeguard of social structure is criticism; and we must therefore cease to think that wisdom is perpetually resident in any group of men or principles. That is the natural desire of a world tired after a great effort of will and terrified at the forces it has called into being. Truth, like art, is a matter of dirt and sweat. It comes only from the clash of innumerable men and countless opinions. Some fragment may come from a West Indian orphan who finds his way to the staff of a Revolutionary Army, or from a half-starved German Jew who is driven like a hunted deer from the capitals of Europe. The vision is never whole nor is it immediate. It never comes, even in the most inchoate form, save where the mind is free to play untrammeled with the facts of life.

All this is of the inmost stuff of historic experience; but in a time of panic it is history we are most apt to forget. The very vastness of the canvas upon which modern statesmen work, makes, for most, the humble impotent and the unseen unheard. Government has become so technical a science, its purview so extensive, that what it most greatly fears is the disturbance of its routine. Yet it is from such disturbance that half the great discoveries of history have been made. There is no reason to suppose that in the field of economics or of politics, the path of discovery is more narrow than in biology or physics. It is, of course, psychologically inevitable that the emotional penumbra should be more profound where the field of analysis is social; inquiry here comes home more closely to our bosoms. Yet there is a certainty here also that the cause of freedom will prevail which lies embedded in a long historic record.

Our temper may for a moment delay the organization of forces hostile to the present system; assuredly it rather guarantees than prevents their ultimate onset. It brings to the army of the discontented, converts innumerable, whom otherwise it might not win. It gives fame to obscurity and martyrdom to the undeserving. It is a blind weapon which strikes without critical knowledge. Nor is that all. An oppressed cause always solicits support from those without definite beliefs to whom nevertheless the atmosphere of freedom is a precious thing. American radicalism makes its way less, it may well be, because of what is said on its behalf than because its opponents have no answer save prison and the mob. The cultivation of open-mindedness is the only way to temper the victory of the extremists by a wise moderation. The field of social possibilities is bound to be more vast now that the resources of science have been brought to bear upon it. The greatness and the power of our instruments demand a corresponding sense of responsibility in their use. An epoch of panic does not pass into the calm of collective and thoughtful effort by blind refusal to admit the existence of wrong or by denial without inquiry of the rightness of all solutions. Thought is the one weapon of tried utility in a difficult and complex world. Without it we are as sailors on an uncharted sea. But thought has no soul save where it has freedom. Its conquest was the greatest of human achievements. It would be the guarantee of destruction to renounce our heritage. HAROLD J. LASKI.

On Being Black*

MY friend, who is pale and positive, said to me yesterday, as the tired sun was nodding: "You are too sensitive."

I admit, I am—sensitive, I am artificial. I cringe or am bumptious or immobile. I am intellectually dishonest, art-blind, and I lack humor.

"Why don't you stop all this," she retorts triumphantly.

You will not let us.

"There you go, again. You know that I——"

Wait! I answer. Wait!

I arise at seven. The milkman has neglected me. He pays little attention to colored districts. My white neighbor glares elaborately. I walk softly, lest I disturb him. The children jeer as I pass to work. The women in the street car withdraw their skirts or prefer to stand. The policeman is truculent. The elevator man hates to serve Negroes. My job is insecure because the white union wants it and does not want me. I try to lunch, but no place near will serve me. I go forty blocks to Marshall's, but the Committee of Fourteen closes

* From a book, entitled Darkwater, by W. E. B. Du-Bois, soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

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Marshall's; they say that white women frequent it.

"Do all eating places discriminate?"

No, but how shall I know which do not—except——

I hurry home through crowds. They mutter or get angry. I go to a mass-meeting. They stare. I go to a church. "We don't admit niggers!"

Or perhaps I leave the beaten track. I seek new work. "Our employees would not work with you; our customers would object."

I ask to help in social uplift.

"Why—er—we will write you."

I enter the free field of science. Every laboratory door is closed and no endowments are available.

I seek the universal mistress, Art; the studio door is locked.

I write literature. "We cannot publish stories of colored folk of that type." It's the only type I know.

This is my life. It makes me idiotic. It gives me artificial problems. I hesitate, I rush, I waver. In fine,—I am sensitive!

My pale friend looks at me with disbelief and curling tongue.

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me that this is what happens to you each day?"

"Certainly not," I answer low.

"Then you only fear it will happen?"

"I fear!"

"Well, haven't you the courage to rise above a —almost a craven fear?"

Quite—quite craven is my fear, I admit; but the terrible thing is—these things do happen!

"But you just said——"

They do happen. Not all each day,—surely not. But now and then—now seldom; now, sudden; now after a week, now in a chain of awful minutes; not everywhere, but anywhere—in Boston, in Atlanta. That's the hell of it. Imagine spending your life looking for insults or for hiding places from them —shrinking (instinctively and despite desperate bolsterings of courage) from blows that are not always, but ever; not each day, but each week, each month, each year. Just, perhaps, as you have choked back the craven fear and cried, "I am and will be the master of my——"

"No more tickets down stairs; here's one to the smoking gallery."

You hesitate. You beat back your suspicions. After all, a cigarette with Charlie Chaplin—then a white man pushes by—

"Three in the orchestra."

"Yes, sir." And in he goes.

Suddenly your heart chills. You turn yourself away toward the golden twinkle of the purple night and hesitate again. What's the use? Why not always yield—always take what's offered,—always bow to force, whether of cannons or dislike? Then the great fear surges in your soul, the real fear—the fear beside which other fears are vain imaginings; the fear lest right there and then you are losing your own soul; that you are losing your own soul and the soul of a people; that millions of unborn children, black and gold and mauve, are being there and then despoiled by you because you are a coward and dare not fight!

Suddenly that silly orchestra seat and the cavorting of a comedian with funny feet become matters of life, death, and immortality; you grasp the pillars of the universe and strain as you sway back to that befrilled ticket girl. You grip your soul for riot and murder. You choke and sputter, and she, seeing that you are about to make a "fuss," obeys her orders and throws the tickets at you in contempt. Then you slink to your seat and crouch in the darkness before the film, with every tissue burning! The miserable wave of reaction engulfs you. To think of compelling puppies to take your hard-earned money; fattening hogs to hate you and yours; forcing your way among cheap and tawdry idiots—God! What a night of pleasure!

* * *

Why do not those who are scarred in the world's battle and hurt by its hardness, travel to these places of beauty and drown themselves in the utter joy of life? I asked this once sitting in a Southern home. Outside, the spring of a Georgia February was luring gold to the bushes and languor to the soft air. Around me sat color in human flesh—brown that crimsoned readily; dim soft-yellow that escaped description; cream-like duskiness that shadowed to rich tints of autumn leaves. And yet a suggested journey in the world brought no response.

"I should think you would like to travel," said the white one.

But no, the thought of a journey seemed to depress them.

Did you ever see a "Jim-Crow" waiting-room? There are always exceptions, as at Greensboro—but usually there is no heat in winter and no air in summer; with undisturbed loafers and train hands and broken, disreputable settees; to buy a ticket is torture; you stand and stand and wait and wait until every white person at the "other window" is waited on. Then the tired agent yells across, because all the tickets and money are over there—

"What d'y'e want? What? Where?"

The agent browbeats and contradicts you, hurries and confuses the ignorant, gives many persons the wrong change, compels some to purchase their

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tickets on the train at a higher price, and sends you and me out on the platform, burning with indignation and hatred!

The "Jim-Crow" car is up next the baggage car and engine. It stops out beyond the covering in the rain or sun or dust. Usually there is no step to help you climb on, and often the car is a smoker cut in two, and you must pass through the white smokers or else they pass through your part, with swagger and noise and stares. Your compartment is a half or a quarter or an eighth of the oldest car in service on the road. Unless it happens to be a through express, the plush is caked with dirt, the floor is grimy, and the windows dirty. An impertinent white newsboy occupies two seats at the end of the car and importunes you to the point of rage to buy cheap candy, Coca-Cola, and worthless, if not vulgar, books. He yells and swaggers, while a continued stream of white men saunters back and forth from the smoker, to buy and hear. The white train crew from the baggage car uses the "Jim-Crow" to lounge in and perform their toilet. The conductor appropriates two seats for himself and his papers and yells gruffly for your tickets almost before the train has started. It is best not to ask him for information even in the gentlest tones. His information is for white persons chiefly. It is difficult to get lunch or clean water. Lunch rooms either don't serve niggers or serve them at some dirty and ill-attended hole in the wall. As for toilet rooms—don't! If you have to change cars, be wary of junctions which are usually without accommodation and filled with quarrelsome white persons who hate a "darky dressed up." You are apt to have the company of a sheriff and a couple of meek or sullen black prisoners on part of your way and dirty colored section hands will pour in toward night and drive you to the smallest corner.

"No," said the little lady in the corner (she looked like an ivory cameo and her dress flowed on her like a caress) "we don't travel much."

Pessimism is cowardice. The man who cannot frankly acknowledge the "Jim-Crow" car as a fact and yet live and hope, is simply afraid either of himself or of the world. There is not in the world a more disgraceful denial of human brotherhood than the "Jim-Crow" car of the southern United States; but, too, just as true, there is nothing more beautiful in the universe than sunset and moonlight on Montego Bay in far Jamaica. And both things are true and both belong to this, our world, and neither can be denied.

* * *

High in the tower, where I sit above the loud complaining of the human sea, I know many souls that toss and whirl and pass, but none there are that intrigue me more than the Souls of White Folk.

Of them I am singularly clairvoyant. I see in and through them. I view them from unusual points of vantage. Not as a foreigner do I come, for I am native, not foreign, bone of their thought and flesh of their language. Mine is not the knowledge of the traveler or the colonial composite of dear memories, words and wonder. Nor yet is my knowledge that which servants have of masters, or mass of class, or capitalist of artisan. Rather I see the working of their entrails. I know their thoughts and they know that I know. This knowledge makes them now embarrassed, now furious! They deny my right to live and be and call me misbirth! My word is to them mere bitterness and my soul, pessimism. And yet as they preach and strut and shout and threaten, crouching as they clutch at rags of facts and fancies to hide their nakedness, they go twisting, flying by my tired eyes and I see them ever stripped,—ugly, human.

The discovery of personal whiteness among the world's peoples is a very modern thing,—a nineteenth and twentieth century matter, indeed. The ancient world would have laughed at such a distinction. The Middle-Age regarded skin color with mild curiosity; and even up into the eighteenth century we were hammering our national manikins into one, great, Universal Man, with fine frenzy which ignored color and race even more than birth. Today we have changed all that, and the world in a sudden, emotional conversion has discovered that it is white and by that token, wonderful!

* * *

As we saw the dead dimly through rifts of battlesmoke and heard faintly the cursings and accusations of blood brothers, we darker men said: This is not Europe gone mad; this is not aberration nor insanity; this *is* Europe; this seeming Terrible is the real soul of white culture—back of all culture,—stripped and visible today. This is where the world has arrived,—these dark and awful depths, and not the shining and ineffable heights of which it boasted. Here is whither the might and energy of modern humanity has really gone.

But may not the world cry back at us and ask: "What better thing have you to show? What have you done or would do better than this if you had today the world rule? Paint with all riot of hateful colors the thin skin of European culture,—is it not better than any culture that arose in Africa or Asia?"

It is. Of this there is no doubt and never has been; but why is it better? Is it better because

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Europeans are better, nobler, greater, and more gifted than other folk? It is not. Europe has never produced and never will in our day bring forth a single human soul who cannot be matched and over-matched in every line of human endeavor by Asia and Africa. Run the gamut, if you will, and let us have the Europeans who in sober truth over-match Nefertari, Mohammed, Rameses, and Askia, Confucius, Buddha, and Jesus Christ. If we could scan the calendar of thousands of lesser men, in like comparison, the result would be the same; but we cannot do this because of the deliberately educated ignorance of white schools by which they remember Napoleon and forget Sonni Ali.

Why, then, is Europe great? Because of the foundations which the mighty past have furnished her to build upon: the iron trade of ancient, black Africa, the religion and empire-building of yellow Asia, the art and science of the "dago" Mediterranean shore, east, south, and west, as well as north. And where she has builded securely upon this great past and learned from it, she has gone forward to greater and more splendid human triumph; but where she has ignored this past and forgotten and sneered at it, she has shown the cloven hoof of poor, crucified humanity,—she has played, like other empires gone, the world fool!

W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS.

Einstein's Theory of Relativity*

II.

The Law of Gravitation and the More General Theory of Relativity

FOR over two centuries Newton's law of gravitation has served as the model or stock example of a law of nature. All efforts at scientific truth, even in the undeveloped social sciences, have regarded the discovery of similar laws as the ideal of scientific attainment. Any attempt, therefore, such as Einstein's, to modify and improve upon Newton's law must be viewed as having more than a merely technical interest.

The belief in simple and eternal laws of nature back of the persistent irregularity and instability of sensible phenomena, grew out of the ancient Neo-Platonic tradition that to the mind that approaches divine insight the book of nature is written in simple geometric lines. All the great founders of modern science, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, and Newton shared this faith. The splendid results which followed their search for simple laws gave their faith the unique position of being the only one to have almost completely escaped serious assaults from the modern critical spirit. For despite their professions of welcome to any one who can challenge their first principles, philosophers and scientists are made of the same human clay as theologians and lawyers or men of affairs, and have the same organic aversion for the thought which disturbs established and comfortable certainties. But many a faith that has been unassailable by direct frontal attack has been forced to yield or to reorganize by pressure from other quarters; and the faith in simple eternal laws of nature has in fact been undermined on the experimental side by the progressive improvement of our instruments of measurement, and on the mathematical side by the discovery of Non-Euclidean geometry. The former has led to the view that our seemingly absolute laws of nature are but the statistical averages of the behavior of large numbers of inherently variable elements; and reflection on Non-Euclidean geometry has pressed forward the thought that many diverse accounts of our fragmentary experience of the physical world can all claim to be equally true.

Everyone who has ever worked in a laboratory or with instruments of precision knows that the simple laws of nature, so clearly formulated in elementary and popular treatises, are never verified with absolute accuracy. The results of actual measurements always differ. We attribute this universal discrepancy between our theoretic formulae and our actual measurements not to our theory but to the "error" of our instruments. But the fact is that the refinement or improvement of our instruments never eliminates this discrepancy. On the contrary it often compels us to abandon the simple law in favor of a more complicated one. Boyle's law of the simple inverse proportionality between the volume and the pressure of gases has now yielded to the more complicated equation of

* Attention should be called to an obvious inaccuracy in my first article on Einstein's Theory, which appeared in the New Republic of January 21st. In the last line of the first column of page 230 the word *progressively* is entirely misleading. It should have been *regularly*. It would have been better also, if in the succeeding sentence as well as in some preceding ones I had used *becomes* longer or shorter instead of *grows* longer or shorter, as the rate at which a clock marks time is obviously constant when the velocity with which the clock moves is constant.

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Van der Waals; and the fate of Coulomb's law in electricity has indicated that the similarly formulated law of gravitation might also show itself to be but a first approximation in need of correction as our knowledge became more accurate.

That the acceptance of the theory of relativity involves some modification of the Newtonian theory of gravitation, and indeed of the whole Newtonian mechanics, is obvious from at least two considerations. The Newtonian mechanics is based on the assumption of the constancy of mass (popularly known as "the indestructibility of matter"), but from the theory of relativity it necessarily follows that the mass of a body varies with its velocity, and is different in the direction of its motion than in any direction perpendicular to it. Again, according to Newton the force of gravity is transmitted instantaneously or practically so, whereas according to the relativity theory there can be no greater velocity than that of light. According to the Newtonian mechanics the gravity or weight of a body is proportional to its mass or inertia, and the latter is a constant and independent constituent of energy. Modern experiments have suggested that possibly what we call mass is itself of electro-magnetic origin; or, at any rate, that radiant energy like light and cathode rays offer inertia or resistance to change which may well be called mass, and that such mass varies with its velocity. Thus considerations of experimental physics as well as deductions from the theory of relativity led Einstein, soon after publishing his paper of 1905, to the belief that energy itself has inertia or mass, and, therefore, gravity, and later to the hypothesis that gravitation depends not only on mass and distance but on other factors as well. Maxwell had already shown that light must exert pressure. It was natural for Einstein to take the next step and show that light must also have gravity. But the universal assumption that light travels in straight lines, and the difficulty of finding experimental tests for his theory, offered seemingly insuperable difficulties. To overcome these difficulties Einstein resorted to Non-Euclidean geometry, made use of new mathematical methods, and widened or generalized his original theory of relativity.

In the halls of fame the names of Lobachevsky and Riemann, the discoverers of non-Euclidean geometry, may seldom be heard. Riemann died in the prime of youth, and the imaginative genius of Lobachevsky was smothered by the bleak prison doors of the remote and unenlightened University of Kazan. Yet these two men initiated one of the greatest revolutions in the history of human thought—they undermined for all time the unquestioned sanctity of axioms or first principles. For over two thousand years Euclid's geometry had served as the model for all science, philosophy, and theology. It was universally taken for granted —and most people still do— that in every field there are axioms or first principles that cannot be doubted because they are self-evident, i. e. simple, clear and conclusive on simple inspection. Lobachevsky showed that one of Euclid's axioms, that relating to parallel lines, could well be questioned; and Riemann went further in questioning the assumption (for that is what every axiom really is), that through any two points only one straight line can be drawn.

Now though Euclidean geometry is still, because of its relative simplicity, the most convenient for ordinary lengths and areas, there is no mathematical or physical reason against the attempt to describe the astronomic universe in terms of one of these other geometries. It depends upon our choice as to what shall be the physical test of a straight line. If the captain of a ship defines a straight line on the surface of the earth or sea, as the shortest distance between two points, he has in fact chosen the Riemannian geometry, since between two poles of the terrestrial sphere any number of such straight lines can be drawn. Similarly Einstein may with very good reason take the path of a light-ray as the test of straightness. If in addition to this he also holds that light, like a projectile, proceeds not only under its own energy, but is deflected by a gravitational field, such deflection does not contradict the original definition of straightness, but only compels the use of non-Euclidean geometry.

Such a procedure may appear arbitrary to those who dislike all departure from the usual ways of doing things; and doubtless it is so. Only it must not be forgotten that the usual procedure is also arbitrary. Indeed, so long as man's knowledge of the universe is fragmentary, every attempt to formulate its nature must contain arbitrary elements. Arbitrary procedures, however, are justified if they lead to significant discoveries and in this respect Einstein's method is certainly justified.

In developing his theory of gravitation Einstein came into conflict with his own original theory of relativity, which he might also have called the theory of the absolute constancy of the velocity of light. Now if a gravitational field affects the path of light it cannot, according to Einstein's mathematics, leave its velocity unaffected. In his original theory he had shown that our ordinary units of time and distance were variable in relation to the constant velocity of light. What now is the constant with reference to which the velocity of light varies? The answer to this is that while theoretically the velocity of light can be constant only in the absence

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of marked gravitational influence, the mass of the earth is practically negligible in cosmic relations in which the sun and the "fixed" stars enter. Hence the original theory of relativity may be regarded as approximately true on the surface of the earth or wherever gravity may be viewed as a non-disturbing factor with reference to light.

To speak of the deflection of light by a gravitational field may seem to involve the old view of gravity as a force which pulls things together. This is not Einstein's view. His theory aims to be purely descriptive, and gravity appears in it not as a force, but rather as a property of a space or field. All we know of gravitation is that in certain portions of space all bodies, no matter what their constitution, are uniformly accelerated. Indeed, the phenomenon of deflected light would result in precisely the same way if there were no such thing as gravitation, but if the observer were moving with accelerated velocity in a direction perpendicular to the path of a light-ray. The reader can make this clear to himself by imagining himself in an elevator going down with a uniform acceleration equal to that of a freely falling body. In such an elevator no free object can fall to the floor and a horizontally shot projectile, which, as seen from the earth falls in a curved line, would here describe a perfectly horizontal line. Conversely if the path of the projectile or a light-ray be perfectly horizontal to an observer on the earth, it will be curved to an observer in the elevator.

Considerations such as these have led Einstein to generalize his original theory of relativity. Instead of saying that the laws of nature are the same whether we suppose the observer to be at rest or in uniform motion, he now says, the laws of nature are the same whether we suppose the observer to be at rest or in any kind of motion, accelerated or rotatory.

To realize something of the meaning of this statement, let the reader imagine a group of unusually gifted scientific observers confined since birth by some mysterious fate in a well-supplied Pullman car, and unable to learn anything of the outside world except by means of the light rays which stream in through their windows. (If this sounds too fanciful, let the reader remember that our earth is just such a car.) If such scientific observers begin to formulate the laws of nature they will naturally suppose their car to be at rest and all other things in motion in diverse ways. Their laws or equations of motions would be inordinately more complex than those familiar to us, if the car did not always move with uniform velocity. Imagine one of our scientists, as gifted as Copernicus or the early Pythagoreans, saying to himself, "Why not suppose that the earth outside of my windows is at rest and that my car is in motion?" If he did so, he would be able to simplify his account of nature enormously. The sudden lurch forward or backward of loose objects, for instance, would be explained not in some, to us, mysterious and complicated way, but by the inertia of things in motion. If now our scientist exultingly claimed before his fellow-passengers that this proved that their car was really in motion, he might be stopped by one of them having the genius of Einstein and admonished as follows: "Hold on! You have undoubtedly discovered a new and simpler system of laws or equations to describe the course of nature. But what right have you to claim that your account is truer than the one which we have always hitherto used? Do you suppose that nature has no other care but to conduct herself in such a way as to make it possible for us to describe her conduct in simple laws? Besides I can show you a system of equations by which you can pass from every proposition in your old account of nature to a corresponding proposition in your new account."

The reader who knows something of the history of science will recognize that our example shows Einstein's later theory of relativity as reopening the issue between Galileo and those who condemned him for saying that the earth *is* in motion. If there is no unique absolute space and all motion is relative, it is just as true to say that the earth moves with reference to the car as to say that the car moves with reference to the earth. With our fixed habits of conception and expression, it may be extremely inconvenient or ridiculous to say that every time we drop an object the earth moves up to it; but it would be difficult to prove the falsity of this way of putting it. Similarly with regard to the revolution of the earth around its axis, which Einstein after the example of Mach, calls a revolution with reference to the "fixed" stars. It would be vain to repeat against Einstein the old arguments for the absolute rotation of the earth, based on Foucault's pendulum or the bulging of the earth at the equator. He shows that it is possible to define a space with regard to which the fixed stars are rotating. In such a space the earth may be considered at rest, and the phenomena which in Newtonian mechanics are called gravitational and centrifugal would change places. Since both are proportional to the mass of the earth there would be no experimental difference. Notice that Einstein does not justify the opponents of Copernicus or Galileo, or deny the tremendous progress which physics owes to the latter. Only he shows that to the extent that both parties in that famous controversy assumed a unique and absolute space they

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were equally wrong. In this respect, however, Einstein unconsciously brings fresh support to the views of the great Catholic physicist and historian of science, Pierre Duhem.

The greatest triumph of a physical theory is to predict hitherto unsuspected phenomena and to have these predictions experimentally confirmed. This triumph Einstein's theory of gravitation experienced when astronomers during a recent eclipse found that light-rays passing near the surface of the sun are deflected just as Einstein predicted. This confirmation, however, by no means proves the whole theory of gravitation—much less his general theory of relativity. The general view that energy has gravity Einstein shares with Max Abraham and others who reject both theories of relativity; and the successful computations as to the course of light-rays rest largely on certain independent subsidiary hypotheses. His other predictions as to the shifting of the lines in the spectrum of certain stars, remain as yet unconfirmed. It is highly probable that some future scientist will improve on Einstein's complicated procedure in the theory of gravitation, precisely as Einstein's original paper on relativity improved on the methods of Lorentz and Larmor in the theory of electricity.

It would be absurd to attempt to indicate in the tail end of an article the many philosophical bearings of the theory of relativity. Possibly, however, I may stimulate the reader's own reflection by peremptorily firing at him the following suggestions:

1. The theory of relativity has dealt a death blow —at least so far as scientific physics is concerned— to the view that space and time are empty forms or vessels existing independently of, and possibly prior to, their material contents. Time and space are for physics the correlated numbers or dimensions of material things and events; and in a quite unexpected way our time and space measures have now been shown to be dependent on each other as well as on the material system of which they are aspects. But though every physical system can thus be said to have its own time and space, the theory of relativity by establishing formulae for correlating all possible physical systems, establishes a universal time and space in the new sense.

2. By showing physical time to be but one aspect of natural events, the theory of relativity re-enforces the legitimacy of the great philosophic tradition of viewing things from their eternal aspect. Indeed, Minkowski, one of the most brilliant mathematical minds of modern times, has actually shown how on the basis of the relativity theory the whole of our three dimensional physics can be viewed as a chapter in a four dimensional geometry—time being the fourth dimension. To the popular mind the notion of a four dimensional world has, because of the spiritistic use of it by Zöllner, been associated with irresponsible and unintelligible vagaries. But Minkowski's four dimensional geometry is a sober, useful and vivid picture of our changing world. Portions of H. G. Wells's Time-Machine can give it popular representation. Indeed, whenever we think of any physical event, have we not before us something spread over a time interval as over space?

3. There is a popular philosophic tradition according to which all things are so interconnected that everything makes a difference to everything else. This view is generally fortified by a quotation from Tennyson to the effect that a complete botany of the flower in the crannied wall must include a complete anthropology and theology. Against this view, the original theory of relativity shows that certain motions, while they affect our units of measurement, nevertheless do not affect the final results or laws of nature which we thus obtain, just as figuring the value of your dollars in terms of francs does not change the actual amount in your pocket. You may glorify the unity of the world or the inter-connectedness of things as much as you please, but you cannot, without denying the validity of physical science, deny that certain things or aspects of the world are independent of others.

4. It is difficult to determine the precise physical significance which Einstein attaches to his later and more general theory of relativity. You bang your fist on the table, and Einstein shows you how to find a mathematical system of coordinates, or time and space elements, in which your fist is defined to have been at rest and the coordinates or distances of other objects to have been changing accordingly. This is undoubtedly a great mathematical achievement to the lasting credit of Einstein and his co-worker Grossman, but what bearing, you ask, has it on the physical nature of the world in which we live? Einstein's answer seems to be that the fact of your bringing down your fist is indifferent to the various mathematical descriptions of it, just as it is indifferent as to whether you express it in English or Gaelic. On the other hand Einstein believes that there are laws of nature and that these laws are expressed by mathematical equations whose essential form is unchanged by any change of coordinates or space-time elements which enter into them. If he is justified in asking "What has nature to do with our coordinate systems?" why not ask, What has nature to do with the invariance of our equations? Might it not be possible to give a physical meaning to the changes of coordinates as well as to the invariance of the equations? In any case it seems a fact that

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certain mathematical formulae or descriptions serve more effectively than others as keys to all sorts of natural phenomena. If people had kept on saying that the earth is still and the sun in motion would they have made the discoveries which followed the other way of putting it?

Whatever may be the fate of the theory of relativity it has undoubtedly opened up new regions of thought by suggesting new possible connections between fundamental ideas like energy, space, matter, gravity etc., and can there be any greater service to the human mind than this opening up of new fields? MORRIS R. COHEN.

A Moral Equivalent for the Red Hysteria

ANYONE who watches the successive arguments of Mr. Hughes glance off as they strike the armament of Speaker Sweet may be inclined to wonder whether certain words of William James about the possibility of avoiding war are not also pertinent to the present struggle against intolerance. "The war against war," James wrote, "is going to be no holiday excursion or camping party. The military feelings are too deeply grounded to abdicate their place among our ideals until better substitutes are offered than the glory and shame that come to individuals as well as nations from the ups and downs of politics and the vicissitudes of trade." Too much logic of the anti-militarists, thought James, is mawkish and dishwatery. In the duties and sanctions of their utopias is too little vitality. The anti-militarists must enter more deeply into the aesthetic and ethical point of view of their opponents if they are not to keep on failing. They must, in fact, propose a moral equivalent that will take the place of war.

In the efforts of those who are now trying to check the spread of intolerance it seems to me we find some of those same traits which James thought ruinous in the case of the anti-militarists. Mr. Hughes, arguing against the suspension of the five Socialists at Albany, puts his case on the ground that "democracy cannot be preserved if representation is denied." He seems to think that he has found an open sesame, that he touches Mr. Sweet on a spot certain to get action. He has, as experience shows us, done nothing of the sort. We are just where we were before. Mr. Hughes has put his penny in an empty gum machine. The five Bishops of the Protestant Church make the same mistake if they believe that by appealing to Christian tolerance they can give standing to their protest against "deportation without trial." Christian tolerance, like "the preservation of democracy," is abstract, utopian, sentimental. The heresy-hunt is immediate and exciting. So long as the liberal clergymen, the liberal jurists and the liberal weeklies confine themselves to generalities, the hunt will go on without them. They may pick off stragglers in the rear. They will never turn the leaders.

What William James proposed as a moral equivalent for war—the conscription of youth for a battle against nature—is obviously nothing that could be proposed as a moral equivalent for current hysteria. It falls below the mark. The Washington Post, when it tells its readers there are plenty of lamp-posts, ropes and muscles—Mr. Arthur Guy Empey, when he says, "the necessary instruments may be obtained at your hardware store"—appeal in their counter-radical argument to an impulse typical in all heresy-hunters of first rank. It is the impulse to lynch—and it is fed constantly and ingeniously by minute descriptions of the way in which "the raid" was made, by accounts of beaten faces, by reports of atrocities the offenders had planned, by the very slogan "Treat 'em Rough." An army battling nature is no equivalent for a passion which in its more intense forms serves as an escape-valve for a sublimated sadism.

It is no equivalent, either, so far as the newspapers are concerned. Why do the editors whip up hysteria by a sensational handling of the news? Well, there may be a "conspiracy"—as some of the Socialists suggest—and there may be a desire to please "the financial interests." But a quite sufficient reason is that they want to sell their papers. To put yesterday's raids in small type on page eleven, to assure your readers there is enough good sense and prosperity in America to make downright panic unnecessary, that is no way to get rid of the edition like hot-cakes. Raids, plots, manifestoes and Bolsheviki get the headlines for the sufficient reason that they are the news. Any satisfactory moral equivalent for the existing hysteria must be able to supply something equally sensational in the way of headlines. A sensation every morning was what the editors had, during eighteen intense months of our participation in the war. That is what they are groping for, now—when three Poles in Chattanooga venture to reprint Karl Marx, and the headlines scream: "Reds Plot Overthrow of Government."

Are the standards which these paragraphs have set, so high that it will be vain to search for a moral equivalent for the red hysteria? Personally I do not think so. I believe in fact that such an equivalent already exists, and that by lifting our eyes a little from our own horizon we may actually see it working. To liberals who stand wringing their

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hands because Senators and Attorney-Generals are not bowled over by generalizations about "democracy" and "Christian tolerance," I commend a more promising course of action: drop sentimentalities, and unite to secure the introduction of bull fighting in America.

There is, I admit, something utopian in that idea at first thinking. But consider things equally strange. When a man named Hamby went to his death last week at Sing Sing there was not one morning paper in the city of New York that did not give a full column to the story of his killing: how his head had been shaved so the death mask fitted; what happened to his face when he saw the chair; how he helped his executioner buckle the electrodes. If, at first thought, the idea of bull fighting seems capable of shocking the sensibilities of the American public, we may remember the columns of space that went to the details of Hamby's death, and recall the fact that upon such material the American public is accustomed to be fed. There is further assurance in the fact that once in an average of every 4.4 days the American public reads the story of a lynching, reported as realistically as possible. And the course of the red hysteria goes in itself part way towards easing the necessary transition. Raids and punchings, the lynching rope of the Washington Post and the Treat 'em Rough of the Arthur Guy Empeys—all these have smoothed the road. Besides, have we not already had the example of one sheriff in Illinois who compelled his prisoners to witness an execution, for the benefit of their morals?

I should be doing the bull fight an injustice, however, if I implied that there was no better case to be made for it than a negative one. Its positive qualities are unmistakable. It is, in the first place, 100 per cent American. For as the orators use the term, 100 per cent Americanism consists (a) in believing that no one case can have two sides, and (b) in insisting that if there *are* two sides, the other one be exterminated. Into this philosophy the bull fight fits perfectly. There is, on our side, as large an audience as the ampitheatre holds; on the other, a single bull, about to be exterminated. There is nothing pallid about what happens. The bull is let into the arena. It makes a dash at the cast-off horses. Something rips, and there is a red gash on the gray flank sagging like a lower lip. The crowd shouts. It is beginning to get its money's worth. There is a pause. And then a second dash. This time someone is not quick enough to dodge the rushing horns. And for the first time there is blood on the arena's sand. It is a man's blood. But that does not spoil the enthusiasm of the crowd. It will have the bull's blood later.—Ask yourself what chance the red hysteria would have, in competition such as this. "Bull Gores Toreador in Nashville"—that for Monday's headline. "Nine Slain at West Aurora"—that for Tuesday's. Indeed you may imagine what can be done even with that thread-bare trick, the rumor. "Rumor Bulls Will Not Enter Arena at Topeka" or "Rumor Bulls Will Strike for Shorter Hours." That would set the young bloods crying Treat 'em Rough—the older ones, in their clubs, thanking God there still are ropes and lamp-posts. Might not the day even come when we should read that strike-breaking bisons were to be brought on from Wyoming?

I am aware of the press of business before the national parties. I realize that this year particularly will they have a hard time dealing simply with those issues which are critically necessary. And yet: Which party will be the savior of free speech? Which will be the first to write into its program a moral equivalent for the red hysteria?

C. M.

Rain Pageant

THE horses, the great draft horses,
Are black with rain,
Their broad backs steam,
Water streaks their necks,
Their hoofs send splashing their own
reflections on the pavements.
Through the striped rain they come
Ponderous as elephants,
Gentle as country girls,
Breathing mist like dragons,
Wet and sleek as seals—
Bitted gods, magnificent and docile,
A processional pounding across the drab day
Turning the streets into a thousand vital friezes—
The city into a parthenon.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.

In a Virginia Garden

The honey'd heat of early afternoon
Lies on the garden pathways; thick and sweet;
And through the heavy glow, on silent feet,
Walks, with a red rose fragrance, dreamy June.

The pouring sunlight hangs around her dress
In shifting folds of white, and green-lit shade;
A trailing branch makes way, with a caress,
And the young birds perch near her, unafraid:

She fills the air with drowsy happiness,
As if the world were perfect while she stayed,
Then passes onward up the blossomed street,
Humming a droning, bee-in-clover tune
That mingles with the alder's rustling croon,
And dies away in golden, honey'd heat.

RALPH LEROI.

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The Tide Turns Some More

ANOTHER little wave in the tide turning back from panic to a bit of occasional composure in these United States is perhaps to be discerned by the hopeful eye in the proceedings now taking place in the committee-room at Washington where the United States Senate is gazing at Mr. Martens and Mr. Nuorteva.

Senator Moses, presiding, does not seem to be afraid of these Bolsheviks. In fact, he is so bold about their plots against the existence of the American Republic that he seems to be actually willing to let them prove themselves innocent if they can.

They ought to be able to prove with some skill. They are undoubtedly today the world's leading experts in being investigated, examined, revealed, uncovered, exposed, unearthed, probed, brought to light and laid bare. And at the end of it all, instead of being in jail, they are still sitting on the steps of the State Department with their calling cards in their hands from the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic. They cannot get inside, but they have acquired great skill in lingering on the steps.

They make me think of chapter two in a work on the history of American diplomacy by Mr. Lansing's father-in-law, John W. Foster, out of which I remember that in 1781 and 1782 and 1783 there was a certain representative of our new-born revolutionary United States of America—one Francis Dana, subsequently Chief Justice of the State of Massachusetts—who insisted in residing in St. Petersburg while he vainly, and "with nothing but humiliation," sought recognition for our novel republican democratic government from a scandalized and anti-revolutionary Russian Court. Now the Russians have sent us a neatly written little sequel entitled, "A Martens for a Dana."

In New York the Lusk Committee read this sequel with tremblings. The protectors of the safety of the State of New York interrogated Mr. Martens in dread secret, for many hours, alone with him and his menaces, and issued, pale, to a balcony in the public press whence they shouted out a censored set of menaces to the populace. That was their start.

Senator Moses and his colleagues are starting quite differently. They sit with a plain prose look at the head of a long table and ask questions very conversationally. Opposite them, beyond the foot of the table, in the body of the room, there is quite a thick mass of unprotected populace—male and female—of all shades of color, from pure Lenin Red to pure Kolchak White. The ladies from the Kolchak constituencies seem very much interested (and well they may be) in the visible representatives of an impossible communist government which the Russian titled experts in their drawing-rooms have for two years contemptuously derided to them and which now seems to be impossibly laughing at Kolchak at last. They are here to mediate this puzzle with their own eyes, Senator Moses consenting.

To the Senator's right I note reporters, stenographic and journalistic, and from among them I look across the table at the long row of Bolsheviks extending from the Senator's left along the table to its foot.

Mr. Martens—a person with a light complexion, a light moustache, and light blue eyes—is answering questions in a light low voice. Mr. Nuorteva—a heavy person with a bald capacious head and a broad round face and a humorous eye intent on whatever comedy can be extracted from whatever tragedy—is putting a hand to his head and a finger-shade over his eyes and is celebrating the conclusion of his fatigues with the Lusk Committee by dropping off into what is at any rate a charming imitation of a little nap.

Near him I note the erect figure of Colonel Boris Leonidovitch Tagueeff Roustam Bek—familiarly and more famously known as simply Colonel Roustam Bek—of the Sixth Orenbourg Cossacks in the Pamir Expedition of 1881, chief editor of the Russian Army and Navy Almanac in 1898, with General Kuropatkin in Manchuria in the Russo-Japanese War, colonel in the British Volunteer Army in 1914, military critic of the London Daily Express, military critic of the paper called Soviet Russia in New York and military expert of the Russian Soviet Bureau in Washington in 1920. He introduces a much needed touch into Bolshevism by wearing a monocle.

Beside Mr. Martens sits a gentleman whose house was bombed even as the house of Attorney General Palmer was bombed. This gentleman—ex-Senator Hardwick, of Georgia—does not seem to think that Mr. Martens did it. Or he is very forgiving. At any rate he is now Mr. Martens's attorney, and he gets up and argues a legal point or two with Senator Moses and Senator Brandegee in a very polite and very at home way, nobody seeming at all excited, and nobody saying "Answer yes or no" or "*Are* you telling the TRUTH?"

Naturally, Mr. Lusk is outraged and roars a

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protest from Albany, warning the country that this inquiry at Washington is on its way to doing much harm. I think Mr. Lusk's patience broke to its final fragments when he noticed that at Washington Mr. Martens's attorney was permitted to speak to Mr. Martens's judges. The method Mr. Lusk preferred —and followed—was to permit Mr. Martens to have no attorney at all or else to permit him to have all the attorneys he wanted, provided only that they did not open their mouths at any hearing. In this way, with several attorneys speaking for Mr. Lusk, and with no attorneys speaking for Mr. Martens, Mr. Lusk felt able to cope with Mr. Martens.

Senator Moses seems to think he can cope with Mr. Martens even with the handicaps reversed. Mr. Martens's lawyer appears and speaks, and the Committee's lawyer does not speak because he is ill and has not yet appeared. Even in such circumstances Senator Moses proceeds. I dare say that to Mr. Lusk he looks like Ajax defying the lightning. How can an official brain unaided encounter Martens's, to say nothing of Nuorteva's?

Nuorteva's brain is rapidly becoming as magical as Newton's. Nuorteva's brain is supposed to be a thing against which all the arts of the official mind and even of the whole native American national mind are bound to be unavailing. Nuorteva's intelligence is such that a high official of the Department of Justice was lately pointing in amazement to it, as he reflected on the fact that the best Red Hounds of the Department, having pursued Nuorteva for months, are still unable to detect the moments and the spots of his crimes. Nuorteva refines criminality to the point of instant evaporation.

Another high official—an official of the State Department—handed Mr. Nuorteva an even larger immortelle for the wreath he will take back with him to Russia in his diplomatic funeral procession from here, if it ever happens. This official refused to add Mr. Nuorteva to his list of witnesses to be summoned before the Overman Anti-Bolshevik Committee last year, saying, "What? Summon him? Do you know him? That man is dangerous." Dangerous? Why? The high official spoke with heat. "That man is too clever." The State Department did not propose to turn the Nuortevan brain loose on the stand..

In point of fact, Mr. Martens's brain on the stand is just as dangerous as Mr. Nuorteva's; and Mr. Lusk, I think, was among the gentlemen in New York who knew the one certain thing that had to be done against those brains at Washington if our country was to be saved from them. That one certain thing did not happen. But it was certainly most powerfully, most politically powerfully, urged. It was to hurry up and call in the brain of Archibald Ewing Stevenson.

Mr. Stevenson is the best chaser of radicals in America. He never catches up with any of them, but he is a profound student of their tracks. Both on behalf of the Military Intelligence Division of the United States Army, where Secretary Baker says he was never employed, and on behalf of the Lusk Committee, Mr. Stevenson has found more tracks with no capture than anybody else of our time. His score of killings—of radicals actually convicted of rising against the Government of the United States—is zero; but he has chased up and down more fields and has persuaded more people to think he was flushing a bird than any other volunteer police-dog among us, and we have had many.

The effort to make him attorney for the Moses Committee bore the look of being a part of the same effort which inspired the creation of the Committee. The political interestingness of the Moses Committee is that this inspiration soon ceased to be so inspiring.

The resolution for the creation of the committee was introduced by Senator Kenyon. It resolved for a committee to investigate propaganda by Soviet Russians. It seemed to be ready for any easy take-off into an unimpeded flight. But it was at once loaded down with a most prosaic amendment.

Senator Borah, who is for America without too many distinctions between foreigners, moved that *all* Russians seeming to represent Russian governments among us should be investigated. It is not the first time that Senator Borah's eye single to America has been useful to America. His motion was adopted. But from that moment there was a sag in the confidence which inspirational persons had entertained in the great work to be accomplished by the Kenyon-Resolution Committee.

Those persons, through their labors in the Union League Club of New York and in the Lusk Committee, had created a public sentiment and a Senatorial sentiment which had in turn created a national Senatorial Committee to deal a death-blow to the Russian Soviet Bureau. But if this committee, besides investigating the expenditures of Soviet money in America by Mr. Martens and Mr. Nuorteva, was to investigate also the expenditures of American money in America by Mr. Bakhmetev, the imperishable Russian Ambassador at Washington of all the fleeting anti-Soviet Allied and Associate dead dreams of Russia, why, the public might get to disliking the wrong Russians.

All the more necessary then was it to call in the guiding and winnowing brain of Archibald Ewing Stevenson. Its backers came zealously into the

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market with it. Senator Hitchcock afterwards alluded in a way to their efforts.

He told the Senate that he himself had thought that if the Committee needed an attorney to help it in arriving at the rounded truth, it ought to have gone and got one from the Department of Justice. An attorney from the Department of Justice, Senator Hitchcock intimated, would have cost nothing. Senator Hitchcock favored such an attorney. But Senator Kenyon had spoken to him about Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson was open to engagement, and to inexpensive engagement. His fees as attorney to the committee would have been very small. Mr. Stevenson has become so familiar with Bolshevism that he was prepared to organize an explanation of it to the committee at a very low rate. Considering his qualifications and their cheapness, Senator Hitchcock has looked with equanimity at the proposal for his appointment. But then what had happened?

Then, as Senator Hitchcock pointed out, the Committee had not appointed Mr. Stevenson. Senator Hitchcock did not seem to know quite why. Nobody seems to know quite why and also care to say. It was all very sudden.

At one moment Mr. Stevenson seemed to be an irresistible candidate. Senator Borah, to be sure, was against him. Senator Borah was holding to the idea of an investigation unprejudiced by previous opinion and unrestricted in preference of things and persons to be investigated. Senator Borah threatened to resign if Mr. Stevenson was appointed. But this very threat seemed to indicate that Mr. Borah felt he would have to withdraw from a situation victoriously made untenable for him. Mr. Stevenson seemed to be the winning card. And in a few moments thereafter he was discarded, and the pack produced the picture of Mr. Wade H. Ellis, of Ohio, who was offered the attorneyship of the Moses Russian Propaganda Sub-Committee of the Foreign Relations Committee, and accepted it.

We now proceed into a great dimness of low lights and far surmises. Senator Hitchcock's speech about the attorneyship of the committee was made after the committee had completed just two hearings. The only witness it had examined was Mr. Martens. The only installed target of its inquiring zeal was a Bolshevik. Yet Senator Hitchcock told the Senate that the work of the committee had taken on the aspect of a "political persecution."

How can it be? Surely Mr. Hitchcock is not rising to protect Mr. Martens against persecution.

Of course Senator Moses does ask Mr. Martens some pretty stiff questions. Senator Moses is going through with all the questions that ought to be asked. He goes through them courteously, and he gives Mr. Martens and Mr. Martens's attorney a full sporting chance for their lives, and this method is an altogether new note in such proceedings, but he asks the questions. When, for instance, Mr. Martens had said that three of the couriers trying to come here from Russia were intercepted in Finland and, on being intercepted, shot, Senator Moses asked him to please tell the committee the names of his other couriers. Mr. Martens, having just mentioned the fate of three identified couriers, felt obliged to decline to identify the couriers still running.

Such questions are perhaps rather embarrassing to Mr. Martens, but surely Senator Hitchcock is not feeling bad because Mr. Martens, or Mr. Nuorteva, or any other Bolshevik, may be caused to feel bad. No. If this committee can do anything to persecute anybody, it must be when it is doing something to somebody who is not a Bolshevik. But the only non-Bolshevik people to whom it can do anything are Mr. Bakhmetev and his staff.

Can it be—can it really be—that the committee's inquiry into the subject of Mr. Bakhmetev, and into the subject of his control of the proceeds of American loans and of the proceeds of Russian supplies in this country conferred upon him by the State Department, and into the subject of his use of certain of those proceeds for Kolchak propaganda in this country in direct line with the Kolchak pressure of the State Department, and into the subject of the general association between Mr. Bakhmetev and the State Department in the blowing of a Russian international diplomatic and military bubble which has now ridiculously and infamously burst, is felt by Senator Hitchcock, and is predicted by Senator Hitchcock, to be "political persecution," *before one single word of that inquiry has been uttered?*

Emerging from far surmises, I note simply a few facts:

Leon Trotsky's Red Army has brought it about that Washington begins to perceive that life on this planet has got to be lived with a Communist country in it.

The representatives of that country, when they wish to deposit money in a Washington bank, are greeted with just as much hospitality as the representatives of any other country.

The people who bet on Kolchak and Denikin and Yudenitch are losers. The State Department is a loser.

The Moses Committee has Senators on it who want to know why this country forsook its own official guess about Russia and followed the op-

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posite British guess and lost. It also has Senators on it who would like to know why we see the British go on to a new guess, from blockading to trading, while we still stand stunned by the old British guess and lose again.

Washington, in some Senatorial parts of it, begins to perceive that Mr. Martens and Mr. Nuorteva are representatives of a great governmental buying concern to which the British propose to send goods for gold and to which our State Department and our Department of Justice propose to send the deported body of Mr. Martens for nothing.

Some Senators think that a better bargain could be driven. Thousands of American business men are sure that a better bargain could be driven.

Trotsky's Red Army is the only Bolshevik propaganda I have seen make a dent worth noticing politically in America. It has proved that the anti-Bolshevik propaganda of the State Department was a multitudinous mis-statement of Russian realities.

Therefore, when Senator Hitchcock opposed the Borah amendment for investigating Mr. Bakhmetev's Embassy—the State Department's Russia—Senator Hitchcock was overborne. Therefore, we have a committee headed with equal curiosity toward the funds and plots of Bolshevism and toward the funds and plots of anti-Bolsheviks. Therefore, we begin to get a certain Senatorial suspicion of the existence of two sides to the Russian matter. Therefore, we begin to get a certain moderation of method in approaching that matter. Therefore, we begin to observe the beginnings of a little composure.

The Allied and Associated bubble in Russia was the occasion of our panic. The vanishing of it is already for us the occasion not to further panic but of a little realistic composure.

The personal proof of this composure, the proof that Senator Moses does not quite think that a Bolshevik emissary will necessarily destroy the institutions of America by being in contact with them, is seen in the remark with which Senator Moses concludes each hearing, when he remembers that the Department of Justice has a deportation warrant to serve on Mr. Martens as soon as Senator Moses releases him, and when Senator Moses nevertheless, after announcing that the next hearing will not be held for several days, says sternly to Mr. Martens:

"Mr. Martens, you will remember that you are still in the custody of this committee."

WILLIAM HARD.

The Paradox of Lincoln

IN listening to John Drinkwater's legendary drama of Abraham Lincoln, I found obtruding upon my mind an irrelevant and disconcerting observation. I was watching the performance of a play about the life of the man whom the American people have canonized as half hero and half saint. He had earned their gratitude by helping them to steer a true course into and out of a civil war, which, had they gone astray, would have shattered the moral and political continuity of American national life. A new generation of his fellow-countrymen had just emerged as one of the victors in another war—one of the most bloody and costly which history has to record. Yet this play contained passages in which their national hero rebuked an attitude of mind towards the war of his day which no actor could have repeated with safety on the stage in any large American city during the war of our day. He said to Mrs. Blow, "You come to me talking of revenge and destruction and malice and enduring hate. These gentle people (the pacifists) are mistaken, but they are mistaken cleanly and in a great name. It is you that dishonor the cause for which we stand." No actor would have dared, we repeat, to speak these words on an American stage during the war. The prevailing opinion in America had yielded utterly to the obsession of fear, destruction and hatred which Lincoln rebuked in the person of Mrs. Blow. It treated the pacifists whom Lincoln defended as morally contemptible criminals. It foamed with abuse for those Americans who were trying to keep alive during the new war, as Lincoln did during the old, the spirit of "just and merciful dealing and the hope of love and charity on earth." The discrepancy between the moral attitude of contemporary America towards its war and the moral attitude of the greatest American national hero towards the war of his generation was flagrant and complete.

The contrast illustrates a characteristic of Lincoln's which his biographers have never sufficiently emphasized. His mind was capable of harboring and reconciling purposes, convictions and emotions so different from one another that to the majority of his fellow-countrymen they would in anybody else have seemed incompatible. He could hesitate patiently without allowing hesitation to become infirmity of will. He could insist without allowing

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insistence to become an excuse for thoughtless obstinacy. He could fight without quarreling. He could believe intensely in a war and in the necessity of seeing it through without falling a victim to its fanaticism and without permitting violence and hatred to usurp the place which faith in human nature and love of truth ordinarily occupied in his mind. When, for instance, the crisis came, and the South treated his election as a sufficient excuse for secession, he did not flinch as did Seward and other Republican leaders. He would not bribe the South to abandon secession by compromising the results of Republican victory. Neither would he, if she seceded, agree to treat secession as anything but rebellion. But although he insisted, if necessary, on fighting, he was far more considerate of the convictions and the permanent interests of the South than were the Republican leaders, who for the sake of peace were ready to yield to her demands. In the same spirit he insisted during the war on continuing the fight until the South was ready to return to the Union without conditions and to free the slaves. But his determination to fight until the Northern army had overcome the obstacles to the vindication of the political objects of the war did not interfere in his mind, as it did in the minds of so many bitter-enders, with "the hope of love and charity on earth and the spirit of just and merciful dealing."

It is not only, however, that he harbored purposes, convictions and feelings which were incompatible one with another in the minds of other people. He expressed and acted on these usually incompatible motives and ideas with such rare propriety and amenity that their union in his behavior and spirit passes not only without criticism but almost without comment. His fellow-countrymen, who like to consider him a magnified version of the ordinary American and to disguise flattery of themselves under the form of reverence for him, appear not to suspect how different he is from them. He seems to them a simple man whose feelings, motives and words are composed of familiar and homely material and whose values they can sum up in a few simple formulas. He *is* a simple man in the sense that power, responsibility and intensity of personal experience never divided him from his own people who had none of these things. More than any other statesman in history he is entitled to their trust and veneration. But he was not a simple man as simplicity is ordinarily understood. He was an extremely complicated and sophisticated product of a kind of moral and mental discipline which sharply distinguishes him from his fellow citizens both of his own day and today. His simplicity was not a gift. It was the expression of an integrity of feeling, mind and character which he himself elaborately achieved, and which he naturalized so completely that it wears the appearance of being simple and inevitable.

The ordinary characterization of Lincoln as "a man of the people," who rose by his own efforts from the humblest to the most eminent position in American life interprets him as a consummate type of the kind of success which all Americans crave and many achieve. The superficial facts of Lincoln's life verify this interpretation, but it is none the less profoundly untrue. He did, of course, rise from the occupation of a rail-splitter to that of President of the American Republic. He could not have won the confidence of his fellow-countrymen unless he had appropriated all that was wholesome and fruitful in their life and behavior. He shared their kindliness and good nature, their tenacity of purpose, their good faith and, above all, their innocence. His services to his country and the achieved integrity of his personal life depended on his being good natured, resolute, faithful and innocent. But these comparatively common traits were supplemented in his case by others of a very different complexion. By some miraculous flight of the will he had formed himself into an intellectually candid, concentrated and disinterested man and into a morally humane, humble and magnanimous man. These qualities, which were the very flower of his personal life, neither the average nor the exceptional American of his day or our day can claim to possess. Not only does the American fail to possess these qualities but he either ignores, misunderstands or disparages them. His deepest convictions stamp the average man with more energy and adaptability than his fellows, as the representative democrat and the ordinary aggressive successful climber, as the admirable national type. Lincoln was not at all like that. Yet his fellow-countrymen praise and reverence him just as if he was what they take him to be.

While Americans do not understand how complicated, many-sided and distinctively individual Lincoln is, his influence on them is the child as much of his many-sidedness as it is of his deceptive simplicity. They find in his words or in his actions, just as they do in the words and actions of Jesus, persuasive precedents for very different kinds of behavior. During the war, for instance, those who wished to fight on to the finish, those who considered it essential to keep political discussion alive and subordinate military action to political purposes, and those in whom war did not extinguish the spirit of fair play and good will—people who represented all these divergent points of view found consolation and support in Lincoln's deeds

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and phrases. In our own day he serves almost equally well as the prophet both of conservatism and radicalism. The National Industrial Conference Board has issued a leaflet, intended obviously for circulation among wage earners, in which Lincoln figures chiefly as the spiritual forerunner of Calvin Coolidge. They quote him as the advocate of hard work, thrift, the indefeasible right of private property and law and order, and the quotations are, of course, unimpeachably authentic. But the Labor party of New York carries on its letterhead an emphatic affirmation by Lincoln of the prior claim of labor as compared to capital on the product of industry; and the New York World reproduces a passage from the First Inaugural about the right of revolution, which, if uttered by an alien, would render him liable to deportation and which would be condemned as seditious by the proposed Congressional legislation.

The interests, the sects and the parties all labor to exploit for the benefit of their own propaganda the name of Lincoln, but although they can usually find sentences and acts which they construe for their own benefit, the man himself as a spiritual force always breaks out of the breastworks of any particular cause. He never purveyed one particular political, moral or social specialty. His generation was particularly given to spiritual sectarianism and social crotchets. He himself was extremely accessible to generous emotions and humane ideas. But he was too complete a man to allow his mind to pass into the possession of any cause. And just as he freed himself from the obsessions of the reformer, so he was also too much of a man to yield to the weakness of a tolerant and balanced intelligence and take refuge in intellectual eclecticism. He was first of all himself. With the tact of moral genius he appropriated all that he needed from his surroundings and dismissed apparently without hesitation or struggle all that was superfluous and distracting. Whatever he appropriated he completely domesticated in his own life. The memory of Bismarck belongs chiefly to the German national imperialists; the memory of Gladstone belongs chiefly to laissez-faire liberalism; even the memory of Washington belongs more than anything else to the successors of the Federalists. But the memory of Lincoln belongs to all his fellow-countrymen who can guess what magnanimity is. Alone among modern statesmen he is master of every cause and every controversy which entered into his life. He did not flourish principles which he had not assimilated. He never relaxed his grip upon a truth which he had once thoroughly achieved. The action of his mind was always formative. Instead of being enervated and cheapened by its own exercise, as it was in the case of so many of his contemporaries and successors, it waxed steadily in flexibility, in concentration, in imaginative insight and in patient self-possession.

Hence it is that Lincoln is at once the most individual and the most universal of statesmen. In externals he fairly reeks of middle Western life during the pioneer period. No man could reflect more vividly the manners and the habits of his day and generation. He is inconceivable in any other surroundings. But with all his essentially and intensely middle Western aspect, he achieved for himself a personality which speaks to human beings irrespective of time and country. Already he is being more carefully studied and more discriminately appreciated in England than in America, and the interest of Englishmen is prophetic of that of other peoples. Wherever throughout the world democrats look for a hero or a seer whose life and sayings embody the spiritual promise of democracy, they will turn to Lincoln. They will turn to him because, essentially American as he was, and subject as he was to all the ambitions and distractions of a democratic political leader, he embodies none the less the permanent type of consummate personal nobility. He had attained the ultimate object of personal culture. He had married a firm will to a luminous intelligence. His judgments were charged with momentum and his actions were instinct with sympathy and understanding. And because he had charged himself high for his own life he qualified himself to place a high value on the life of other people. He envisaged them all, rich and poor, black and white, rebel and loyalist as human beings, whose chance of being something better than they were depended chiefly on his own personal willingness and ability to help them in taking advantage of it.

Finally Lincoln obtained the mastery of his own life not merely or chiefly as the result of tenacity of purpose and strength of will. When the Divine Comedy of the modern world comes to be written, we shall find all the houses in one of the suburbs of Purgatory occupied by people who were esteemed during life chiefly for strength of character. It was his intelligence and insight which humanized his will. Not only were his peculiar services to his fellow countrymen before and during the Civil War born of his ability to see more clearly and think harder than the other political leaders, but the structure of his personal life and the poignancy of his personal influence depends most of all on the quality of his mind. It was his insight which enabled him to keep alive during the Civil War the spirit of just and merciful dealing and the hope of love and charity on earth. He knew that with-

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out just and merciful dealing human nature could not be redeemed in this or in any other world, and because he knew this, the goblins of war could not lead him astray. Both the integrity and the magnanimity of his life were born of this humane knowledge. Others willed when he did not and much good their willing did. But he *knew* when others did not know and he knew the value of knowledge. In a neglected passage of one of his last speeches he recommends to his fellow countrymen the study of "the incidents" of the Civil War "as philosophy to learn wisdom from and none of them as wrongs to be revenged." That sentence furnishes the key to the interpretation of Abraham Lincoln. He studied the incidents of his own life, of the lives of other people and the life of his country not as an excuse for revenge or for any kind of moral pugnacity or compensation, but as a philosophy to learn wisdom from. His fellow countrymen revere his memory but in studying the incidents of their own war they are far from either accepting his advice or following his example.

HERBERT CROLY.

VERSE

Land Breeze

I would be free!
A wind on the sea!
But I am a land breeze
Tied to an apple-tree.

I can go only so far
As the tree's duties are,
Fertilize the blossom,
Carry message of ripe fruit,
Spray the rain
And drive it to the root.

The apples I would whirl
To the sea—
And the blossoms and the tree
To be free!

The tree dies day by day
And grows gray.
It creaks to my softest sigh.
But I do not die
Nor grow gray,
But keener every day
For the sea!

I would blow free
To the rim of the sun!
I would blow free
With a sting of salt—
Blow belly-full with the sap
Of the sea!

JEANNETTE DERBY.

Love

I was swung aloft in the boatswain's chair
To the foretop gallant mast.
Then climbed above, to the top
And clung there, on the trembling mast
And painted the foretruck.

I painted it yellow
And though I was afraid
I painted it well;
With no hair strokes nor bare spots.

This I did because I loved.

ROBERT J. ROE.

Black and White

Black pawns, white pawns,
Moving on the board.
Help us, Massa Jesus!
Deliver us, O Lord!

Black pawns, white pawns,
Playing out a game.
Help us, Massa Jesus!
Save us, Lord, from shame!

Black pawns, white pawns,
Scarlet where they play.
Whar's Yo' gawn to, Massa?
Show us, Lord, the way!

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

Old Trees

The rain came whimpering
Like a thing afraid.
"Put on your shawl, daughter,
The heifer has strayed."

"Mother, oh, mother,
Don't send me out,
The trees, the gaunt trees
Press close about.

The trees are wet, mother,
The trees are cold,
The trees are cruel, mother,
They are hard and old."

Into the forest she went
Made small with fear.
She saw a dead rabbit,
She saw a fleeing deer,

But never the heifer
She had come to find,
And never her mother's house
So small and kind.

For old trees behind her
And old trees ahead
Wiped out the pathway
With hands cold and dead.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH.

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A COMMUNICATION

The Cart Before The Horse

SIR: Without any wish in the world to shake a censorious finger at mankind one may perhaps remark that it is a very common failing to think of means before ends, and to trust to chance that the ends will be lucky enough to discover themselves. Unfortunately they do generally discover themselves, and with woful consequences. Whereupon men lament at large, and arraign the gods, when the more manful task would be to place themselves and their follies before the bar of judgment. For what are means but instruments of achievements; and what are instruments if there is not some purpose to the winning of which it is hoped they may be instrumental? Men do not make bombs for fun, but because they have some intention—generally a devilish intention. But if some prophet arose to persuade men to the making of bombs because of some new and exquisite design he had discovered for them, or of some perfect economy in their manufacture, he might succeed in weaning a tractable part of humanity to the occupation he had prepared for them, but it would require no seer to foresee that a day would arrive when those bombs would go off, and that the benign prophet would be discovered to have been less concerned with prophecy than with profit, to the disaster of his fellows.

The only safeguard is to look steadily at ends, to distinguish sharply between ends and means, and to judge only of means by the ends they are to serve. Therefore when I read over the signature of H. Sidebotham, writing from London, a proposal for a "High Seas Fleet," I turned at once to this sure guide of conduct. Let it be admitted that I am an Irishman; and let it be even admitted that I have therefore a bee in my bonnet—that bee being the excusable bee of my own nation in chains as grievous as those that have ever been laid on one nation by another. Yet here is a proposition that can be approached with the clearest and simplest of reason.

For the proposition runs that the English and American fleets should combine. Combine for what? The working details of the proposed combination are set forth with a fine regard for economy. The enormous cost of modern armaments is argued very feelingly. The splendor of these joint fleets riding the seas of the world with pennons flying is hinted with artistic restraint. But, search as I will, I did not find, and do not find, what end all these elaborate means are to serve. And that is the critical matter. It is, in fact, the only matter. If one who holds the steadfast principle that one nation shall not interfere in the affairs of another may so far depart from his own principle, it occurs to me that the economy might prove an excellent thing if the pennons that waved together bore the same legend. But what if they bear different legends?

The combination of the two fleets is argued as though it were an end; but it is not an end, it is only a means, and the end is not defined. Would it be unjust, would it even be untrue, to say that the end dare not be defined? For after all there are such places on this earth as Ireland, as India, as Egypt; and the existence of the English fleet does bear a definite relation to these places. That relation is not a comely relation. Indeed, such is the uncomeliness of the relation that censors' fingers are pressed on cables lest the world be too gravely scandalized. The depth of the ocean is not permitted to learn of the traffic conducted across the surface of the waters. That traffic is the end that one of the fleets has been built to maintain. Is that traffic the admitted end of the other fleet?

We are all agreed that no good can come from sentimentalists who blink at facts. The roadway to the European hell of today is paved in true traditional fashion. If a man were to compile a book of speeches in which the aims of this last war were set out, as introductory to the Treaty of Peace with its wiles of omission as well as of commission, he would be hailed by after-times as the master cynic of the ages. "Nothing exists but facts, and facts alone are of any use," says Marshal Foch. Ireland is such a fact. India and Egypt are such facts. It is a fact that these peoples are held in bondage by force, and that their attempts to break that bondage are producing results that are judged to be unpublishable. It is a fact that that bondage is maintained by the agency of the English High Seas Fleet, and could not be maintained without that agency. And it is a fact that if any other nation ordered its ships of war to sail with that fleet, in the one purpose, that other nation would accept full responsibility for that bondage and the unpublishable results.

In a wild fantastic nightmare one might imagine a new Thomas Jefferson arising, an inverted Thomas Jefferson, to write a Declaration of Dependence—and finding the beauty and economy of his speech withering at the horrid task. But what of a certain Commodore John Barry who went from Ireland to enroll himself an American citizen, and to whose memory each month of May tributes are rendered in that he was the father of the fleet? Will those tributes cease to be rendered? For surely they could no longer be given while his fleet went forth to help hold his people in chains? That would be an irony too exquisite.

I do not speak of the millions of good Americans paying taxes that their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, be enslaved. I do not speak of the rest of the vast American citizenship yielding up of its earnings in order that a part of that citizenship should remain of slave blood—and forever remain while the new combined High Seas Fleet proudly rode the waves. Yet these are facts. These are the ends that the means propose to serve, and would triumphantly succeed in serving. And says Marshal Foch, "nothing exists but facts, and facts alone are of any use."

Not thus will we build a new earth, let alone a new heaven. We have had enough of those who made hell, and labelled it heaven, in the vain hope that men might be deceived—as though flames could be mistaken for ambrosial vapors. If we want to build a new earth, there is only one way in which it can be done. We must have done with looking at means and leaving the ends to look after themselves. That way can only end in disaster, as it has always ended in disaster. Rather must we—all of us, whoever we be, and of whatever race—look at our ends; look only at our ends; look steadfastly at our ends; and, willing those ends, will the necessary means along with them, whatever the cost. Some of those necessary means may look like bringing disaster; but they will not bring disaster; it is only the other method that brings disaster. And if that be the method adopted, all means outside that end, and especially all means hostile to that end, will be easily resolved by that fine issue, including the proposal of a combined and united High Seas Fleet.

Dublin, Ireland. DARRELL FIGGIS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Parlor Bolshevists and Liberty Bonds

SIR: Being, I suppose a "parlor Bolshevist" (as any one with a trace of liberal feeling is now called) I am living through the present white terror in the United States as best as I may—in silence. Not having the gift for the kindly, persuasive irony of an Anatole France, I think it wisest not to add my futile words to the prevailing hubbub.

But accident has recently presented me with an opportunity of expression, which I wish to recommend to others who, like me, dislike the role of faith without works. A young man, a student working his way through the University of Chicago, of Russian birth, has been caught in the double drag-net of state and federal "red drives;" (for there seems to be a not too friendly rivalry for victims between these two champions of law and order). His crime is that of being a member of one of the proscribed political organizations, (publicly formed in the presence of police a few months ago), and he has added to it the offense of having once served as secretary pro tem at a meeting of his local. I fancy that the regular secretary happening to be absent, the presiding officer selected this student for the office of secretary pro tem from among the more intelligent faces in the front row, as is the custom of presiding officers. It can easily be imagined that the young man's vanity was gratified by the opportunity of serving as secretary, even pro tem, but alas! as a consequence of thus becoming an "officer," within the definition of the law, of the nameless society, he faces deportation to the home of his fathers and, what is infinitely worse, an indefinite detention in one of the filthy local jails while federal and state authorities fight for his possession. To avoid this latter fate, a number of citizens are arranging bail for him, so that he may enjoy his freedom (continue his studies and his evening work for support) until the authorities can determine what he is guilty of and who is to have the honor of sentencing him. He has already been dragged through four overcrowded prisons.

The bail is set at a high figure, intentionally, as such outcasts are supposed to have neither property nor moneyed friends, and "the premier security of the world" is demanded rather than a real estate security on which crooks and murderers commonly obtain their liberty. I know of no better use to which I can put the few liberty bonds I bought, "not for profit but for patriotism," than to help this young man to keep out of the Cook county jails until he is proved guilty of some recognized crime other than that of serving "pro tem" as secretary to a political organization, which a few officials in Washington have discovered latterly to be seditious. My liberty bonds can work in no better way for the honor of my country. Of course I may lose them—I hope not!—if the temptation to seek refuge in some „backward" country to the south where our latest methods of civilization have not yet been introduced, should prove too great for this young man to resist. He has already had, in his pilgrimage through four dirty jails, experience of American justice to the alien, and it must take some nerve to contemplate another bout with it. But I do not think he will evade and leave his backers in the lurch, though doubtless he hopes that the federal authorities will win out and select him for a free passage to Russia. He must have had his fill of American freedom for the present.

If the present attack of hysteria is to continue—as some predict—until after the next Presidential election, aid to the victims of the popular fury by providing liberty bonds for bail and lawyers' fees ought not to be left to individuals here and there to offer. Something more systematic is needed. There should be created a "revolving fund," to which all persons like myself should be asked to subscribe. A thousand of us contemptible parlor Bolshevists, each contributing a one thousand dollar liberty bond, might accomplish more for the good name of our country than all the law and order oratory. And incidentally we should demonstrate our contempt for this terror stricken passion for property, keener than hate of the Hun, with which "idealistic" America is for the moment suffering.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Chicago, Illinois.

Attention Mr. Palmer

SIR: It's many a year since my student days on Beaver Hill, not far from the Golden Dome, the Charles Street Jail, the Editorial Rooms of the Atlantic Monthly, and those other seats of law and order, recently saved for posterity by the election of Governor Coolidge. But my affectionate solitude will not let an old memory die: does there not stand—still stand—out on the Fenway in Boston's most aristocratic section, a statue to Leif, the son of Eric the Red? Will you not call this to the attention of the Attorney-General?

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

Madison, Wisconsin.

A Misquotation

SIR: It shocks my modesty to unveil myself as the "celebrated professor" whose callous jest is taken as a text in your issue of January 7th. But I am so unmistakeably designated as the smug contented pharisee who "did not know that many of his colleagues are underpaid" that unless I protest, the legend, like other reportorial myths, may be accepted by my friends as fact. Will you not, then, kindly allow me to state that I have not received a large increase of salary and that my slight facetiousness at the Harvard Club luncheon referred only to the contrast between an average eight per cent increase at Chicago and the prospective fifty per cent at Harvard? It was the reporter's imagination that transferred eighty per cent to my individual account. It is humiliating to insist upon this trifling rectification. But unless you permit me to do so, this illustration of the heartlessness of the arrogant older professor will become a classic instance in the literature of educational reform. It is thus that Mr. Jack London and after him several other impassioned advocates of "wiping the educational slate" gave invidious currency to "the passionless cult of passionless culture" as the ultimate decadent expression of anaemic and academic senility. What I said was "the passionate pursuit of passionless intelligence"—doubtless a forcible-feeble epigram, but obviously of a totally different human and moral significance from that read into it by misquotation.

PAUL SHOREY.

Chicago, Illinois.

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Deportation Evidence

SIR: I am one of the former subscribers to the Public. I am generally pleased with the few issues of the New Republic which I have received. But there is one question that has arisen in my mind, and that is whether in striving to present the unpopular side you do not go too far and show bias and unfairness.

To illustrate: In your issue of December 24th, there is an article on The Anarchist Deportations in the course of which you quote from the testimony given before the immigrant inspector. One of the cases cited is that of Frank R. Lopez. It seems incredible that he should have been convicted on the testimony which you quote. Surely other testimony was given and copies of some of the literature exhibited. You give no intimation of the character of this literature. It seems fair to assume that it is of an inflammatory nature and that it contradicts the personal testimony of Lopez. It is extremely easy for an anarchist or a Bolshevist to lie, particularly if by doing so he hopes to prevent his propaganda from being checked.

To withhold part of the truth is as culpable as to distort the facts.

This criticism has been made by others who read the article referred to, hence it would seem that an explanation is called for. You will realize that if the impression that the New Republic is unfair in its discussion of certain matters should spread, it would operate to its injury and to the injury to the principles for which it stands.

JAMES W. HOUSTON.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

[We can assure Mr. Houston that the extracts quoted were fairly representative of the evidence produced against the aliens. The extracts were made for the New Republic from the original records by a lawyer who has no connection with the defense in the deportation cases, and he was careful to pick out in each case the strongest evidence against the prisoner. The facts in the Lopez case, to which Mr. Houston especially refers, are set forth in the official reports in the Federal Reporter, and are accessible to any one who cares to read them. In that case the court laid down the doctrine that mere adherence to the tenets of philosophic anarchism was sufficient ground for deportation. It quoted and relied upon the extract which was set forth in the New Republic's editorial.

We quite agree with Mr. Houston that it seems incredible that Lopez should have been ordered deported on the evidence which we quoted. Nevertheless it is true. THE EDITORS.]

The Legion's Proper Sphere

SIR: It has long been surprising that a publication like the New Republic has not had more to say about the one hundred per cent intolerance which the American Legion calls Americanism. The editorial in the issue of December seventeenth condemning the Legion's policy of lawless interference with everything and everybody with whom its members disagree, was most welcome.

This letter is prompted by a hearty accord with the quoted opinion of the president of the Dan Tallon Post in New York, to the effect that many men do not join the Legion because of their impression of the Legion's lawlessness. I have followed very carefully the Legion's wholesale condemnation of strikes, its repudiation of many well-intentioned liberals on the ground of Bolshevism, its blustering interference with any form of free speech but its own. "If the Government won't shut you up, we will. We were in the army, so what we say goes." This seems to be the Legion's attitude.

Wearing a Legion button is tantamount to a declaration of intention to defend the status quo as against external aggression. Liberal ex-army men will wear it on only one condition: that the Legion confine itself to its proper sphere. Instead of taking over the functions of the government, it should try harder to throw light on matters that peculiarly concern former army men. The country will stand for wrong opinions from the Legion on such subjects as war risk insurance, bonuses, parades. It will welcome and commend right ones. But the storming of any sort of meeting because something radical might be said there, the "holier than thou" attitude toward the world in general, will not be tolerated much longer. Certainly it will not help to swell the ranks of membership.

EX-LIEUTENANT.

The Manifesto of the Ninety-three Professors

SIR: On October 11, 1914, a body of ninety-three "scholars and artists" of Germany made public a famous declaration to the general effect that the government of Germany had been guilty of no wrong-doing in waging war in Belgium or elsewhere.

In a recent number of the Berliner Tageblatt (October 28, 1918) Dr. Hans Wehberg, of Düsseldorf, a high authority in International Law, has given an anlysis of the "manifesto of the ninety-three."

In substance this document made six assertions, all beginning with the expression, "It is not true." These were in substance as follows:

1. It is not true that Germany is to blame for this war.
2. It is not true that we have violated the neutrality of Belgium.
3. It is not true that life or property of any single Belgian citizen was harmed—save in the bitterest defensive need.
4. It is not true that our soldiers were brutal at Louvain.
5. It is not true that our conduct of war has been against law.
6. It is not true that the war against our so-called militarism is not war against our culture.

Dr. Wehberg has tried to ascertain the present views of those concerned in what President Butler has called "the astonishing self-prostitution of German Instruction before the lust of conquest."

He finds that most of the names were secured by telegraph, that in several cases, the signers were never shown the text. Thus Wilhelm Förster, the veteran astronomer of Berlin, asserts that his signature was published without his permission. Professor Schmidlin denies that he had ever seen the "senseless and luckless manifesto." Others signed blindly. following the lead of famous names as Harnack and Nernst. Other signers soon repudiated the document. Still others claimed that had crimes come to their knowledge they would have denounced them. Dr. Wehberg tabulates the matter as it stands at present. Fifteen of the ninety-three are no longer living. One of these had wished to withdraw his signature if common action were possible. Twenty-three have failed to answer Dr. Wehberg's questions—some of these being ill and others removed from their former homes.

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Sixteen stand on the same ground as in 1914. One of these (von Duhn) insists that he "has once more gone over the manifesto, sentence by sentence, and found nothing to which he would not affix his signature today."

The other signers, thirty-nine in number, admit that they could by no means stand by all the assertions. Eight denied that they would have signed at all if they had been given to understand the character of the document. One of these (Herbert Eulenberg) would gladly withdraw his signature, as not knowing the purpose of the document, though for four weeks "we all believed, though with misgivings, that Germany had exercised only her sacred right of self-defense. On that ground alone we then supported our military group."

Shortly after the manifesto of the ninety-three, appeared a statement of eighty-eight "professors and statesmen" who expressed a partial dissent. While asserting that "Germany had entered the war with no thought of conquest," they insisted that "measures must not be taken which should not after all lead to conquest in any form." At about the same time, a parallel manifesto was put forth by certain Evangelistic leaders. A few months later, one of these sent a personal note to the writer—by way of Switzerland, in which he says in English, "I am disgusted with the brutality and chicane of the German government."

All this tends to show that the nature of scholars, artists, and statesmen and clergymen is after all much the same in all countries.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, California.

Which Was It?

SIR: A man I know, a big thing with a mop of blond hair was traveling from Washington to Boston, and as he sat reading, waiting for the train to pull out, a young woman came along and deposited herself with many bundles and much baggage in his compartment. In settling herself and her parcels, they began to chat and hit up an acquaintance. When they reached Boston he asked her to break her fast with him in the morning and as they returned to the station from the hotel he asked her if she wasn't timid about chance meetings of this sort. He thought she had a great faith in human nature. She hesitated a bit and then said that when she got on the train and saw a man needing a hair cut and reading the New Republic, she knew she was safe!

The question to be decided on the dreadful day of judgment is whether it was the hair or the paper which bore the most weight of respectibility. An advertising hit—this —I'd say!

ALICE TILBERT.

Washington, D. C.

Putting Metternich to Shame.

SIR: In a certain small New England college three men were, until a few weeks ago, teaching those subjects usually designated as the social sciences. Probably all of them would still be engaged in this questionable or nefarious work, endangering the political and economic faith of their students by the frank presentation of both sides of all disputed questions, had they not been detected, almost providentially it seems, in the following manner. They presumed to employ some of their spare moments in the discharge of their duty as citizens. In part this took the form of writing for a certain "Bolshevist paper" called the New Republic. Now the trustees of this particular college probably do not read the New Republic, so these teachers would have escaped, perhaps, if they had not ventured contributions also to journals read by orderly and respectable persons. Seeking to preach the gospel of liberalism where it was most needed, they wrote for the local newspaper of their college town short signed articles on the steel strike and the coal strike, and even on the desirability of finding out something about Bolshevism before pronouncing final judgment upon it. Such headlong radicalism shocked someone, a local alumnus he called himself, into sending to each member of the board of trustees of this New England college an anonymous letter, in which these social science teachers were branded as socialists and Bolsheviki, and one of them accused of actually contributing to the New Republic!

Apparently this tremendous revelation fell as a bolt from the blue upon the trustees. They awoke with a roar, feeling, no doubt, both guilty and outraged. Of course, they agreed that anonymous letters are beneath contempt, yet they felt justified in staying beneath long enough to utilize this one. Presently some of them bombarded the president of this college with wrathful protests, the general drift of which seems to have been that teachers holding such views must change either their views or their habitat. And these gentle remonstrances soon bore fruit. One of these dangerous radicals was peremptorily fired; or, to phrase it in the academic jargon, he was notified that he had not given satisfaction and would not be reappointed at the end of the year. Another received assurance that his tenure was highly uncertain and, indeed, depended upon the successful placation of righteously indignant trustees; and that, if he were allowed to remain at all, he would be under suspicion. Whereupon he promptly resigned. As for the third offender, he was about to take a sabbatical year, so his case was left for future settlement. Meanwhile the teaching staff of the institution took a hand by adopting a spirited resolution against the dismissal of the victim abovementioned and in favor of his reappointment without prejudice from his recent malefactions. To this the trustees gave no heed.

The history of this incident is here published, not because it is unique, but rather because the writer believes it is a typical, oft-repeated, oftener imminent case. That such a situation is villainously un-American, few will deny. Until it is amended, any teaching of the social sciences is likely to be either antiquarian or merely humorous. That any important amendment can be quickly effected seems very doubtful. But a historical study, showing with abundant proofs the intensity and extent of this evil in the United States, might serve an extremely useful purpose when public opinion at last begins to be sane again. Such a study might show that recent curtailments of academic freedom have been relatively few and usually justified by their circumstances. It might, on the other hand, prove that our matchless organization of censorship and propaganda in the twentieth century has resulted in such thorough and wide-reaching suppression of minority but expert opinion as to make Metternich and his Carlsbad resolutions of a hundred years ago seem innocuous and amateurish. In either case it could hardly fail to be enlightening, wholesome, and important.

A LIBERAL.

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Books and Things

A Greek of the sixth or fifth century before Christ, if he should visit the twentieth century after, would learn with surprise how little attention we pay to the bodily presence of poets. And the ways in which we declare such attention as we have to spare for them would no doubt strike him as uncommonly odd. Ask this late sixth or fifth century Greek to account, say, for Mr. Yeats's visit to the United States. Knowing that Polycrates had invited Anacreon to Samos, and that Hipparchos had sent a galley with I forget how many rowers to fetch Anacreon to Athens, our Greek tourist might naturally suppose that Mr. Yeats was in the country at the instigation of some powerful ruler, the lord of a city or a state. We, on the other hand, should be more astonished to find the Greek right in his guess than he could be to find himself wrong. It would take a lot of evidence to convince us that Mayor Hylan or Governor Lowden or President Wilson had called Mr. Yeats to this country, and a lot more to convince us that he had come when they did call for him. Once our incredulity had been worn away we should sit back and laugh. In our derisive noise there would be nothing pleasing to the ear or to the mind.

President Wilson may for aught I know be an exception, yet the rule holds that nearly all our public men, if ordered or persuaded by their managers to play the part of companions to Mr. Yeats, would be cruelly miscast. Most of the men and women who will actually make his acquaintance while he is here fall short of this ideal unfitness, but not so very much. For "meeting" him most of them have no qualification except curiosity, and even their curiosity is undiscerning, is dirigible, is turned as easily upon an indifferent poet as upon a man of genius, as easily upon Mr. Alfred Noyes as upon Mr. Yeats himself. You and I and a few thousand others may thank God, offensively or inoffensively, that we are not as these men and women are. Judging by the degree of pleasure his poems have given us, and by the persistence with which some of them refuse to be forgotten, we are sure that he is the greatest English poet alive, that as long as men get anybody's poems by heart Mr. Yeats's poems will not die. But how does this conviction help us to make his acquaintance? In no way. A few of us, a very few, can meet him if we try hard enough, make life miserable enough for the right persons pull enough wires. Luckily for Mr. Yeats we don't try. We know too well what the occasion would be like—a crowded tea, a luncheon betrayed by an officious hostess, a dinner with speeches. Our notion of a satisfactory meeting with Mr. Yeats would be a meal, perhaps, to which he had of his own free will invited all the guests, not many in all, except you and me. And even if we could bring about such an affair a belated attack of decency might keep us away.

Even this arrangement, could it be made, might disappoint its maker. A dinner table would have been a good place to see Browning, who was communicative and discursive and brilliant at his meals. But this isn't true of all poets. Every one knows the story of the young woman who yearned to meet Tennyson, yearned for a year or so, and who did meet him at last, at luncheon, where he made only one remark: "I like my mutton in chunks." Not being a very wise young woman, she was chilled. But not even she would have thought such a set piece as lunch or dinner the right place to meet Shelley.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

On the hills above the Bagni di Lucca, among the ruins about the baths of Caracalla, in a small boat off Lerici—here, if you like, seeing Shelley plain might have had a meaning. And Shelley himself was not more nearly all a poet than Mr. Yeats. What Mr. Arthur Symons, not merely a fine critic but an intimate friend, wrote in 1900 or 1904 is as true now as it was then; if you leave out the word "younger": "Mr. Yeats is the only one among the younger English poets who has the whole poetical temperament, and nothing but the poetical temperament .... He is also the only one who continues a continuously poetical substance with continuous excellence of poetical technique." Why strive to meet a man who is a poet after this fashion? He looked in his heart and wrote. Why not be content to read what he has written?

Well, some of us are nevertheless not content to do this and no more. For us it is joy to read Mr. Yeats, whose sense of beauty gives their shape and their tone-feeling to his poems as wholes, and also suffers the presence of no bad lines, whose workmanship is always fine workmanship, and whose world, where the lights are lowered and the air is stirred by wandering cadences that know their way so well, is a beautiful world, unrelated to any world we see or can, without his help, imagine. It is this lack of relation, I suppose, that gives some of us our wish to see Mr. Yeats, and to hear his voice saying the things that the trivial moment cannot exclude from his mind. From our own minds, if we let them alone, everything operates to exclude whatever beauty they were capable of receiving—everything, the trivial moment and the self-important day and the unprecedented year. We do not expect Mr. Yeats's talk to echo his rhythms, to sound now "like waters stilled at even," now like the stirring of leaves before daybreak, or again like the wind among the reeds. Our desire for a poet's company has its root in a kind of homesickness, in our dissatisfaction with the tight separation of our own sense of beauty from our sense of everything else. We imagine, perhaps quite mistakenly, that a poet whose sense of beauty so prevades all his thought and his life, although it is a life lived in the twentieth century, might show our sense of beauty how to escape from its prison, how to touch our human relations and our other desires.

This wish to know him is anything but disinterested. It is a wish to feel immediately the contrast between his point of view and ours. It is a belief that even now we might profit by the criticism latent in this contrast. He craves "no dower of earthly things unworthy Hope's imaginings." He does not try to hold the only right opinion in the world. We do try and do crave. It would be something to see ourselves, now and then, in the light of his daily indifferences. And there would always be, besides, the old wonder. It was only last year that Mr. Yeats gave us this, in his Two Plays for Dancers, published at the Cuala Press:

At the grey round of the hill
Music of a lost kingdom
Runs, runs and is suddenly still.
The winds out of Clare-Galway
Carry it: suddenly it is still.

P. L.

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After the Play

NEW York has one thing to its credit, it continues to support the comedies of Gilbert and Sullivan. Last year I saw only the Pirates of Penzance, and this year only the Mikado, Pinafore and Ruddigore; but the fact remains that every week or nearly every week a good company presents a fresh Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and the enterprise looks like a decent commercial success. The most English of comic spirits, W. S. Gilbert, is happily domesticated among the American audiences. They cannot get too much of him. They discover him and re-discover him. They wear their enthusiasm on their sleeves.

I like the American way of discovering everything for oneself—Europe, Shakespeare, God Almighty, the adaptation of lions to public ornamentation. But it is curiously in contrast with the sunny, mellowed style of the humor of Gilbert and his composer. These two Englishmen—for Sullivan was only Irish in the way that President de Valera is Spanish—these two English artists lived and moved and had their artistic being in the very thick of a tradition. They had no quarrel with the world in which they lived. Unlike the comic genius, Shaw, they had no intellectual chip on their shoulder. But accepting their tradition with tolerant patience, they refused to take it with seriousness. They wrote as insiders, familial and even affectionate insiders, but they wrote with peculiar attention to the oddnesses of family ways. On these things, especially as they turned on romantic or patriotic platitude, Gilbert and Sullivan touched lightly: but, however lightly, always they touched. At their rotisserie the victim is no less done because he is never scorched.

It is the glorious platitudes of old England, not old England itself, that engage the humor of Gilbert. Hence the blithe social nature of his satire. And because he relishes so well the society that he satirizes, his operas have the character of stories as well as comedies. Even in Ruddigore, in which the immense platitude is opera itself, there is a story that gave much amusement to the irresponsible Gilbert. To say that he is irresponsible is in fact to say that his satire turns almost entirely on taste, hardly ever on principles or ideas. He makes fun of the Ruler of the Queen's Navee because a landsman in the admiralty seemed to him slightly ridiculous. No amount of argument, especially in the country of Josephus Daniels, could blunt the force of this genial criticism. In the same way romantic love has few weapons against the poor little dicky bird. Gilbert's malicious gayety does not spare Rule Britannia or the heart of oak or the honest British tar. And when an audience claps heartily at the sight of the Union Jack in Ruddigore ("Here is a flag that none dare defy [all kneel], and while this glorious rag floats over Rose Maybud's head, the man does not live who would dare to lay unlicensed hand upon her!"), it merely proves the huge size of the target at which Gilbert so truly aimed.

But beyond Gilbert's yearning attentiveness to the platitude there is his love of the biggest, broadest caricature. Dick Deadeye, particularly as Mr. Danforth acts and sings him, is a gorgeous example of sheer fun. Mr. Danforth is audacious to the point of indecency. He has no scruples as to when or how or where he grimaces or jerks or jibes or cachinates. But the excellence of Mr. Danforth is his realization of Gilbert's audaciousness. Dick Deadeye is a villain so infinitely more villainous than any of R. L. Stevenson's—a villain so much worse than John Silver or any other, that the one insult to him would be restraint or refinement. And so with the wicked baronet of English romance, Sir Despard Murgatroyd, whom Gilbert celebrates in Ruddigore. "Why am I moody and sad?", he demands, "Why am I guiltily mad?" and he answers, in the spirit of immemorable Braddons and Woods, "Because I am thoroughly bad!" "When in crime one is fully employed," he insists, "Your expression gets warped and destroyed—it's a penalty none can avoid." So Mr. Danforth portrays him. And so Mr. Danforth portrays the supernal majesty of the Mikado. These are obvious examples of that lively caricature which everywhere accompanies Gilbert's sly satire.

Humor is essentially relative. The commonest jokes of the Martians—the jokes about Martian pontiffs and Martian Pecksniffs, Martian spinsters and Martian cocktails—would all be lost on the New Yorker until some explanatory Martian came along and established Martian realities and ideologies, folkways and folk-lore. Then the myth that "Martians have no sense of humor" would probably give way to a myth that "Martians have a glorious sense of humor." Such are the generalities we live by. But relative as humor is, Gilbert and Sullivan's humor needs practically no editing to be completely operative in New York. Sometimes Mr. Frank Moulan's quick wit suggests an interpolation in character with his own dry style. Sometimes the laborious change is made from the back-of-beyond Basingstoke to the back-of-beyond Yonkers. But even this first aid is hardly necessary. The tradition so thick for Gilbert and Sullivan is almost equally thick for us. What saves the operas, however, is probably the main fact that besides being a satirist Gilbert was also a delighted fabulist, a storyteller, with a strong sense of just that English fiction which he usually wore inside out.

It is these stories, so crisp in their parody of the ordinary romantic contrivance, that keep Gilbert and Sullivan alive. Without the mock-heroic narrative we must still enjoy the incidents of their creation—the wit, the fluency, the touches of character, the kindly levelling humor. But all of these virtues would be nowhere in the end except for the bantering story. The lovelorn spinster, the baronet in disguise, the Maybud ingenue, the wicked authoritarian, the comedic old man—with these Gilbert and Sullivan had their will, holding their mirror up to the eternal fairy-tales.

One cannot help wondering at these happy performances, why have we nothing like this of our own? Of course, Arthur Sullivans are no more common than W. S. Gilberts, and America seems just as far from its Sullivan as from its Gilbert. But even supposing, unfairly, that Sullivan is merely a golden wire on which the miraculous Gilbert dances, the absence of an American Gilbert remains unexplained. The invitation to satire is issued by America no less than by England. The invitation to caricature is also heartily extended. There is no objection to the fable in the American theatre, and the fable may equally freely go far afield. What then is lacking? Something, I suppose, in the quality of American humorous taste. The essence of Gilbert is his subtle and amused awareness of the cheap: he himself is a touchstone of the not-cheap. And the not-cheap is scarcely characteristic of American humorous taste. We like something as different from Gilbert's quiet Englishness as American popular oratory is different from the quiet Englishness of public talking. The difference turns, I presume, on the factor of size. England is, after all, a small nation, and in a small nation one may be heard easily all round. In America on the contrary, it is more or less necessary to raise your public voice. Hence the laryngitis of our humor. There is something to be said for small nations and thick traditions, after all.

F. H.

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Literary Notes

IT is the opinion of H. J. M. in the London Nation that literary criticism in England is at its lowest ebb. He sees it as a business of log-rolling, back-scratching, self-advertisement and cliques. Merit shines only if set in the right clique. "Is the writer in this camp or that camp, has he reviewed the reviewer's book favorably or unfavorably, is he powerful or of little account?"

The poetry cliques seem fiercer and of longer claw than any others. In answer to the assertion that Vachel Lindsay is the one genius in American contemporary poetry, Mr. John Gould Fletcher has written a note to the London Mercury which snaps like an over-wrought terrier. He not only denies genius to Lindsay, he compares him to Rudyard Kipling. "Lindsay has the same free-and-easy facility, the same preference for rag-time rhythms, the same tone of vulgar optimism, the same desire to preach a gospel as the author of Mandalay." But Mr. Fletcher has his own American candidates for genius. They are Robert Frost, E. A. Robinson, Conrad Aiken, Carl Sandburg, Wallace Stevens, Alfred Kreymborg and Maxwell Bodenheim. What must be Mr. Lindsay's sins if he cannot enter into a Pantheon so catholic! And where, oh where, is Amy Lowell?

The London Daily Herald, organ of the left wing of the Labor party, has grown to a circulation of over a quarter of a million in a remarkably short time. A great deal of this success must be credited to its editor, George Lansbury, whose new book, These Things Shall Be, has sold five thousand copies before publication. In England it is published by the Swarthmore Press.

When three Socialists, one of them a young girl, were condemned by the Supreme Court to twenty years' imprisonment on the fantastic ground that they had violated the Espionage act by circulating some conventional Marxian literature, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a dissenting opinion which was later published in the New Republic. Those who read it and appreciated its sanity, humor, and courage will be glad that Harcourt, Brace and Howe are publishing the collected legal papers of Justice Holmes. The volume includes all his legal papers and addresses from 1880 to the present time. Privately printed heretofore, at least in part, these papers deserve wide recognition on the additional ground of their distinguished style.

Earl Loreburn's illuminating book, How the War Came, is to be brought out in this country by Alfred A. Knopf. As the work of a former Lord Chancellor, who happened also to be a dauntless truthteller, this is likely to be one of the few ethical discussions of the war that will stand the rub of time.

Literary editors manage somehow to get published. Heywood Broun of the New York Tribune has collected his various papers and called them Things Seen at Night. Edwin E. Slosson of the Independent also publishes a book, slightly different from Mr. Broun's, entitled Easy Lessons in Einstein. These volumes succeed the recently reprinted essays of Messrs. Mencken, Holliday, Squire, Lynd, Hackett and Stuart Sherman.

The trio of American liberal, or Bolshevik, weeklies, the Nation, the Dial and the New Republic, was recently disturbed by the transformation of the Dial into a mainly neo-literary monthly, but the triology will be restored by the advent of the Freeman, a new political weekly which B. W. Huebsch will begin publishing on March 1st. It is fairly certain that the Freeman will be placed in the category of the Nation and the New Republic since among its editors are Albert J. Nock, formerly of the Nation, and Francis Neilson, former member of the British parliament and author of How Diplomats Make War and The Old Freedom. The Freeman is to resemble the familiar English and American weeklies in general appearance. Its policy may to some extent be inferred from its name, which is cheerfully though probably not sanguinely individualistic.

The mystery of foreign exchange, its decline and fall, is attacked in two new books. Directly, in Problems in Foreign Exchange, by Professor A. C. Whitaker of Stanford University; and not so directly by Hartley Withers in War-Time Financial Problems. Mr. Withers is the editor of The Economist of London and well known as a lucid writer on finance. His new book covers questions of state taxation as well as international banking. Dutton publishes Mr. Withers and Appletons, Mr. Whitaker.

Only 27 per cent of the 2,964 counties of the United States have within their borders any one library of 5,000 volumes or more, according to the American Library Association. It is interesting and perhaps relevant that reports from 200 libraries indicated that during the month of December, 1919, the six novels most in demand were The Recreation of Brian Kent, by Harold Bell Wright; The Lamp in the Desert, by Ethel M. Dell; The Young Visiters, by Daisy Ashford; The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and Mare Nostrum, by Blasco Ibanez; and Jeremy, by Hugh Walpole.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton has interviewed Lord Dunsany for The Bookman. "I touched upon the point that Lord Dunsany had not yet enjoyed the dubious experience—so common to the rest of us—of peddling his plays from manager to manager. I told him that most of the American playwrights to whom I had presented him were required, by the nature of the game, to devote much more of their time to the practical task of 'placing' their plays than to the more attractive task of writing them. Lord Dunsany answered: 'That may be the reason why ten or a dozen of my best plays have not yet been acted. I have never had the time to peddle them. Ninety-seven per cent —or thereabouts—of my actual life has been spent out of doors in the pursuit of various athletic activities,—such as following the hounds, playing cricket, hunting big game, or serving as a professional soldier. The remaining three per cent has been spent in the writing of my tales and plays,—the records of my dreams. What time is left for peddling my literary wares? . . . I have recently written two or three plays, of full length, which treat of contemporary life in London. How does one sell these things in London or New York?' . . .

"This question surprised me, until I made the astonishing discovery that I had actually earned more money from a single 'failure' in our commercial theatre than Lord Dunsany has earned from all of the 'successes' in our little theatres that have made him famous." From which it would appear that, as the song is mostly to the singer, so is the interview to the interviewer. But Mr. Hamilton chronicles various interruptions by the Lord Dunsany.

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Bullard's Russia

The Russian Pendulum, by Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Co.

EXPERIENCE and a sympathetic viewpoint give Arthur Bullard an advantage over most Americans for the interpretation of events in Russia. So long ago as 1905 Mr. Bullard was Secretary of the Friends of Russian Freedom. In Petrograd, in Switzerland, and in America he knew leaders of the Liberal and Revolutionary movements. Three years he lived in cities and peasant communities of Russia. And since the first days of the Revolution he has visited both European Russia and Siberia, in each instance as an agent of the Committee on Public Information.

The first part of his book Mr. Bullard devotes to Russia in Europe. The Provisional Government was still in office when he reached Petrograd. What wrecked it? Was it German intrigue that brought the Bolsheviki into power?

Mr. Bullard does not think so. He does not clear the Bolsheviki of the charge of taking German gold. He believes, in fact, that "with possibly one or two exceptions" the documents revealed by Mr. Sisson were authentic. The Bolsheviki took the Kaiser's money and used it to betray him. They regarded him not as a fellow-conspirator but as a godsend. And handy as the German marks may have been, Mr. Bullard does not for a minute think they were the major factor in bringing the Bolsheviki into power. There were far more fundamental factors. And they were on Lenin's side.

What these factors were, Mr. Bullard realized as soon as he reached Petrograd. That was in July of 1917. The power of the Provisional Government was already a shadow power. The first revolutionary unity had evaporated. Each political faction was bent on going its own way. There were signs of trouble in the army and in the cities. The upper classes, and solicitous advisers from the Allied countries, called for a "strong" government. They accused Kerensky of vacillation. But Kerensky knew more about Revolutionary Russia than his critics did. "He knew," says Mr. Bullard, "that orders could no longer be enforced, the people could no longer be driven, and he tried desperately to hold the nation together by explanation and persuasion. . . . The criticism that he was 'weak' was merely uncomprehending stupidity." For upon Kerensky an overwhelming mass of the people made two persistent demands—and neither of them could he satisfy. He could not give the people "land" because he thought so all-deciding a question ought to wait until a government actually responsible to the people could deal with it. He could not give them "peace," because he believed (what the people did not believe) that Revolutionary Russia had a stake in the war. He feared a victorious and imperial Germany.

Against Kerensky for his failure immediately to end the war and deal with the land problem, the Bolsheviki began an early campaign. It was under way when Mr. Bullard reached Russia. It was, he declares, an unscrupulous campaign, in which cheap demagogery vied with deliberate falsehood. But supporting it was the logic of the situation. The clamor for land and for peace was insistent. Kerensky in a frantic effort to convince his armies and workmen that something more was at stake in the war than the fate of two struggling imperialisms, called upon the Allied governments for a statement of democratic war aims. By answering that appeal Mr. Bullard believes the Allies had their best chance of keeping Russia in the war. That chance they missed. They preferred to sacrifice none of those imperialist aims they were ultimately to write into the peace of Versailles. And their silence gave "a new and tremendous weapon" to those forces in Russia demanding an immediate end to war. Bitterly as he feels against the Bolsheviki, Mr. Bullard makes it clear that the essential reason they came into power was because they promised the Russian people precisely what they wanted—land and peace, and no delay.

Mr. Bullard's case against the Bolsheviki is accordingly not that they came into power against the wishes of a hostile majority; but that they made promises they were neither capable nor desirous of keeping—and then, having won their way falsely to power, failed miserably to give Russia the government it needed. The peasants, to be sure, have the land. But nothing could have stopped them from taking it. And the rest, Mr. Bullard believes, is hideous failure. The Bolsheviki got for Russia the worst peace of modern times. They crushed freedom wherever they ruled. "Reactionary" they used in the way some Americans now use "radical," as a tag to mark for destruction anything for which they had no liking. They went beyond suppression, and instituted a terror. They never consulted popular opinion. They deserted their allies in Finland and the Ukraine. But bad as Mr. Bullard believes their record to be, it is not bad enough to destroy his faith in the Revolution. For the Revolution has not completed its course—perhaps is barely started. "It has already laid low the hoary ghost of hereditary absolutism. It has freed the land. Leninism is only one episode in the momentous process."

In the second section of his book Mr. Bullard turns from European Russia to Siberia. There was in power, when his story begins, a government enjoying the confidence of both Socialists and Constitutional Democrats. It held its authority "by deserving and winning the consent of the governed." It was not Bolshevist. It was, on the contrary, "carrying on an active war" with the Soviet Government. But these qualities did not protect it from the men with armies. In the month of November (1918) a Cossack coup d'etat cut short what Mr. Bullard calls "the most hopeful effort at constructive politics which has been developed since the revolution."

There are two theories to explain the November coup. One is that Admiral Kolchak inspired it; the other, that he was its innocent beneficiary, accepting the dictatorship only when begged to do so by those members of the government whom the Cossacks had not "deposed." Between these two theories Mr. Bullard does not explicitly choose. He was not in Omsk at the time, and had no facts upon which to base a judgment. He has, indeed, few facts of any sort to help his reader to an estimate of Kolchak and the character of that leader's rule. What he knows at first hand of the Kolchak regime is chiefly bad—"I saw it at its worst"—the good comes to him in reports from other districts.

Nevertheless Mr. Bullard's bitter disillusionment about the Soviet government and a belief (July, 1919) that Kolchak might do better, lead him into the role of apologist for the Omsk government. He explains why Kolchak found it difficult to democratize his government, why it was impossible for him to interfere with reactionary terrorists like Ivanov-Rinov. But what is the basis for these explanations—used to wipe Kolchak clean of some of those charges that turned liberals in America against him? Nothing save the argument of military necessity. Kolchak, so long

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as it was necessary for him to prosecute the war against the Bolsheviki, could not "afford" to take any action "likely to offend the corps of army officers." But identically the same sort of defense can, of course, be made for many of those acts of the Bolsheviki upon which Mr. Bullard dwells, if it is also assumed that it was necessary for them to prosecute the war against Kolchak. Military necessity justifies sundry failures. Mr. Bullard invokes it in one case; ignores it in the other. His partisanship could have been justified in his own eyes only by the conviction that it required an advancing army to rid European Russia of terrorism and restore government responsible to the people.

To such theory Mr. Bullard may or may not hold today. His book, however, supplies a standard by which we may measure the democratic faith that was behind the Kolchak government at Omsk. The book was written in July of 1919 (possibly the printers' strike accounts in part for its late appearance), and in it Mr. Bullard asserts that the war between Kolchak and the Bolsheviki was largely a war of propaganda. The essential factor was not British cannon but Russian sentiment: "Public opinion in the disputed territory on the relative merits of the two sides in the civil wars controls the fluctuations of the 'front.'" *"Something in the nature of a democratic election is in progress."* And if we should read in the papers that Kolchak's army had lost the province of Perm, says Mr. Bullard, then we should know that the peasant population had "taken an active preference" for the Soviets. Well, Kolchak has lost Perm. He has lost Perm, and so many additional hundreds of miles of Russian soil that if Mr. Bullard's estimate of the force of Russian opinion is correct, the election in Siberia is dramatically settled. Kolchak is routed. And in his rout he hands his government to Semenoff—that same Semenoff whom Mr. Bullard terms "a Cossack bandit," "an extreme reactionary dictator," a "train-robber," a "bank-looter," and the committer of "unspeakable atrocities."

Whatever else we may do to solve "the Russian problem" we shall not solve it now by recognizing Kolchak. In his own recommendations Mr. Bullard is modest; he realizes that the problem is too dynamic for any program hard and fast in its details. But, for all that, Mr. Bullard is hazy. The blockade he dismisses with the statement that "no mere negative removal of prohibitions against trade will help." On the question of withdrawing troops he is similarly inexplicit. It would be difficult to get an agreement among all the Allies to withdraw simultaneously; and "if such an agreement were reached the probable results would be the break-up of Russia into a number of territorial governments, some Bolsheviki, some Liberal, some Reactionary." But the presence of Allied troops in Russia certainly has not had the effect of preventing civil warfare during the last year and a half; and whether Mr. Bullard believes more Allied troops could achieve that result and would like to see them sent, he does not say. Finally Mr. Bullard suggests that the man who pays the piper calls the tune. Let the Allies agree to recognize only that government which meets the fundamental needs of Russia today. What sort of government must it be? Not one to please those enthusiasts among the Allies who want a return to the good old days of reaction in Russia. Mr. Bullard describes the essential characteristics it must have, and that description is the most valuable contribution of his book. It must, whatever its party label, be a government that proceeds on the two fundamental principles that "the land belongs to those who use it" and that the police power of the state is a weapon to be used democratically.

C. M.

Poor Relations

Poor Relations, by Compton Mackenzie. London: Martin Secker.

IT was not that one really disliked Mr. Compton Mackenzie's previous books. But they were so much more like expensive cushions than like books that it seemed a social solecism, like drinking out of a finger-bowl, to be reading what was so obviously meant to be sat on. They appeared not to be created out of separate sweatings of the spirit, as books should be, but to be made up from bales of rich materials, gleaming with stiff inorganic gorgeousness, which were stored in Mr. Mackenzie's brain as gold tissue and the like might be stored in a draper's warehouse. Plumply written descriptions of scenery lay embedded in the glittering general texture even as padded fruits on the modern plutocratic cushion. Queer characters of queer trades and queer crimes hung round the edge of each like a tinsel fringe; and each was weighted as by a heavy gilded tassel with the enormous elaborated egotism of some Michael Fane or Sylvia Scarlett. There was no doubt but that Mr. Mackenzie had a bright vitality which was not always wholly febrile, and a real gift for reproducing those Cockney idioms, those rich fantasies of speech, which are the modern city people's way of singing at their work; and it seemed probable that under a style sodden with excessive literacy he concealed a certain power of descriptive writing. But he seemed to have chosen to build his literary nest in the furnishing department.

But Poor Relations is all right. It is a real book. It is a coherent and beautiful farce. And one of the reasons that Mr. Mackenzie has at last got his talent going is that he has ceased to handicap himself by cramming his books with reverential and copious representations of intolerable people. The doctrine that he prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small is one attractive to the emotional mysticism of our day, but it cannot be stretched beyond certain limits. It is possible that St. Columba, who preached to the seals, and St. Francis, who preached to the birds, could take an interest in the spiritual life of Oxford undergraduates of the type who publish poems at Blackwell's with terms of reference including chrysophrase and strange sins, but after all that is what saints are for. Those of us who have no canonized position to keep up cannot be interested in Michael Fane and his friends.

But John Touchwood, the chirping, strutting little Robin-Redbreast of a man who is the hero of Poor Relations, does interest us; and Doris Hamilton, who is a subtle and graceful picture of the kind of nice woman who is so sensible and dignified herself that she need not fear to marry an ass, holds the attention much more firmly than Sylvia Scarlett. It is not, of course, that Oxford undergraduates are in themselves less suitable subjects for art than elderly romantic dramatists. Adolescence, if it be treated from an adult standpoint, so that distemper is not reckoned as the chief of cosmic conflicts, may be matter for a very fine book, as Dostoievsky showed in A Raw Youth. But the drama of a book about adolescence must be a thing of spiritual developments, and Mr. Mackenzie is never right about the interior workings of the spirit. There is no reason why he should be, when he is so intensely sensitive to the exterior manifestations of life and so unquenchably gay in recording them. It is only the curious convention of our time that if a novel is to be

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dignified its interest must be psychological which has blinded him to the knowledge that he can achieve a clear and joyous beauty all his own provided he works on the surface of life. That achievement is entirely conditional upon his choosing subjects whose interest lies on the surface, and this book fulfils that condition as none other of Mr. Mackenzie's books have done. The tubby, benevolent John, sitting under the cherub-haunted ceiling of his library at Church Row, his toe on the rose-wreathed Aubusson carpet, his head in a rosy mist of foolishness and vanity and goodwill, while his perverse relations perpetually invade his calm with demands and villainies that wrinkle the surface of the optimism that lies in his open little mind like cream in a saucer, and Miss Hamilton, pasting at his direction presscuttings about him and his work into a large scrap-book, preserving a docile and maternal air and yet murmuring faintly from time to time about "lack of dignity" and even "lack of humor," are thereby showing their essences. They are types whose reactions to spiritual adventures would be so simple that we do not need an artist of spiritual wisdom to disclose them to us; their charm and value lie in just such physical attitudes, such individualities of speech and manners, as Mr. Mackenzie's talent can beautifully convey. This sudden light ascent into delightfulness by one who seemed doomed to the ponderous celebration of egotisms gives us an intimation of what we lose by our obsession, which has been made a thousand times worse by the influence of the Russian novelists, with the psychological novel. The comedy of manners has as much right to exist as the tragedy of souls.

Poor Relations shows, moreover, that recognition of how strange people really are which has always been one of Mr. Mackenzie's virtues. He has resisted that persistent underwriting of character and circumstance which has been the curse of refined English literature ever since the days of Gissing, and has not been afraid to allow fantastic people to do fantastic things. This is a move towards true realism. The older one gets the more one realizes that for a plain matter-of-fact account of life as it is one must go to Alice in Wonderland. On some other sphere life may build itself out of solid blocks of normality on a splendid logical plan, as it does in the novels of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, but not in this. In the present volume Mr. Mackenzie is sometimes inclined to exaggerate variability of life. When he takes up a minor character and wonders with what violent characteristic to daub it into distinction he is a little like a child turning over a painting book and saying, "I will paint this horse green with pink spots." There is no reason why he should give the normal and charming Miss Hamilton a mother like a mad clown, and it was not necessary, when conducting the reader through a boarding-house, to diagnose one of the resident spinsters as having exophthalmus.

But most of the minor characters—most notably Laurence, John's parson brother-in-law, "suave and heavy like a cornflour shape," who gives up his living in order to compete with John in the art of playwriting ("Thomas, A Play in Four Acts. Act the First. Scene the First. The shore of the Sea of Galilee. Enter from the left the Virgin Mary . . .")—are done with a richness of invention and a power of dramatic dialogue which prove, what one had hitherto felt unusually plucky in suspecting in the face of Sinister Street and Sylvia, that here is an imagination altogether Dickens-like in its abundance.

REBECCA WEST.

Recent Publications

America and Britain, by Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

MR. McLaughlin, who is chief of the department of history in Chicago University, delivered during the war several lectures to British audiences, mainly university audiences, on the subject of the relations, past and present, of America and Britain, and he now publishes these lectures, somewhat hesitatingly, well aware that "lectures are no essays." There are two different points of view from which one might be tempted to comment upon these studies: that of one interested in British-American relations, and that of the student of American history. As to the former—the scene has changed so rapidly and so greatly since May, 1918, when audiences at the University of London heard Mr. McLaughlin's arguments, that these lectures in their printed form, are of less interest than they might have been if published at the time. The winning of the war was of course uppermost in the speaker's thoughts; and it was too early, also, even a year and a half ago, to understand how the problems of international relations were to take form. Perhaps this accounts for the negative tone that has been given to the whole discussion. Mr. McLaughlin explains America's late entrance into the war on psychological grounds: the war failed to become fixated at once in the imagination of America; it was too remote from us. Even when we did visualize it, we saw it in such a light that we were at first still more strongly entrenched in our neutral position. He treats British and American relations on the whole frankly, but in an explanatory rather than in a constructive manner. Some of the old misunderstandings he analyzes and dispels somewhat after the manner of a reductio ad absurdum. He defends the Monroe Doctrine stoutly, and claims for it the unanimous support of competent historians, or at least of those who have studied the doctrine. "If it originally meant that the United States must be free from the entangled skein of European Politik," it proposes now to help set up in place of the idea of force that of "appeal to the tribunal of public intelligence."

There is another aspect of these studies, to repeat, which appeals to a different interest. It is especially the last chapter of the book, which is a reprint of a paper and not a lecture, and in which, therefore, the author has had a freer hand, that most attracts attention. The most interesting point about this study, curiously, is the fact that the subject, at this late date, can be of interest at all. We are one hundred and fifty years on our way as a republic based upon the principle of federal organization, and it is still possible to write a chapter trying to explain where we found that principle! It is not especially as a reflection upon the backwardness of American history that this deserves notice, but rather as an indication of our singular unconsciousness of our history and of our growth and purposes in general, of which we have many other evidences. According to Mr. McLaughlin's interpretation, we drew our first principles from the practices of the Old British Empire, as it existed before 1764, when it was a composite rather than a centralized empire. Federalism already existed in fact in the British Empire, while its statesmen denied, not only its existence, but the possibility of it. For them it was one extreme or the other that must be realized: complete centralization or complete autonomy of the parts. Specifically our Revolution involved the idea of personal liberty, but fundamentally it was the problem of the structure of the British Empire that was raised, and that was

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solved, so far as we were concerned, by our independence.

The fact that to-day, again, the question of the structure of the British Empire has arisen in a new form gives to this historical study some added interest.

G. E. PARTRIDGE.

Religion and Culture, by Frederick Schleiter. New York: Columbia University Press.

UNLESS many indications prove deceptive, the hegemony long enjoyed by biology in the republic of learning is rapidly passing to the social sciences. As pedagogical, metaphysical and ethical problems were until yesterday viewed in the light of evolutionary doctrines, so all broader questions are now being envisaged from the angle of sociology and anthropology. Dr. Schleiter's book is in a certain sense an attempt at a rapprochement between philosophy and the science of culture. More particularly is it an essay to bring modern anthropological theory to bear on the old problem of casuality. Unfortunately this distinctive feature of the work is very loosely articulated with the major part of the little volume, so that the whole presents a rather shockingly ununified aspect.

The physically predominant moiety of the book is far more accurately ticketed by the sub-title than by the main caption. It does not deal with the place of religion in civilization, but it does supply "a critical survey of methods of approach to religious phenomena." Dr. Schleiter, who is steeped in the intellectual atmosphere of the American anthropological school, expounds its methodological creed with vigor and even with vehemence. This task he executes clearly and at times very well indeed, yet he leaves the reader dissatisfied, if not dismayed, by the barrenness of established conclusions. It is very well to point out the deficiencies of the comparative method or of the earlier evolutionary theories generally, their rationalistic psychology, and what not. But there is something pusillanimous about the everlasting pitfall-phobia. Admonitory notice-boards to keep off this or that path do not suffice to direct us to the straight and narrow avenue of approach. Dr. Schleiter implicitly and in faint manner explicitly indicates that the road to safety is that of the historical method, but he fails to illustrate its utilization. Thus he is likely to leave a general audience with a sense of the futility of all ethnological study. Has cultural research done nothing but evolve an organon sterilized by impossible counsels of perfection? That is of course far from being Dr. Schleiter's own conclusion, but his insistence on the negative side of modern anthropological principles and failure to give adequate exemplification of the historical method as a positive means for ascertaining the truth tend to produce that impression on the naive reader. The more sophisticated will enjoy his concise survey of the positions hitherto assumed in the study of primitive religion and magic. He deserves special credit for rescuing from obscurity the principle of convergence, i. e., the doctrine that like cultural results may evolve from unlike antecedents.

However, it is the more original treatment of casuality that not only arrests attention but makes one hunger for more. Dr. Schleiter holds that the concept of casuality is not the same in different cultures *but* has arisen from varying sources. This is a rather curious disjunctive proposition, for if convergence has really taken place, as the author contends, then the final result, casuality, must be everywhere nearly or quite the same irrespective of what has preceded. On the other hand, there can be no question that the cultural fringe of that ultimate product and the anterior psychological processes vary widely and should be investigated on the broadest possible basis. Dr. Schleiter has thus sensed an eminently worth-while problem, though by no means an easy one; and it is to be hoped that he will soon concentrate his energies on an ampler elucidation of its ramifications.

R. H. L.

Storm in a Teacup, by Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Builders, by Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

EDEN PHILPOTTS' latest novel centers indeed about a Storm in a Teacup; and it is not such a tempestuous cup at that. Inside the fragile china rim of his story is the Dene Mill, a small factory devoted to the making of fine papers. Here the proprietor is benevolent the workmen skilled and contented. And though Jordan Kellock, the beaterman, preaches doctrimaine socialism to his fellows, he never dreams of applying his theories to the plant in which he works. The world outside the teacup threatens once or twice to crush its thin walls, but the danger is soon passed. Only when "stern-looking men in black ties"—the labor agitators from Plymouth—come to hear Kellock's lecture do we feel that the graeter England is intruding into the Dene valley.

Against such a quiet background, the story itself seems almost a wild ebullition of passion. When analyzed, however, it is quiet and commonplace enough. If Medora Dingle hadn't been so monotonously happy, she wouldn't have run away with Jordan. If he, in turn, had been more flesh and blood, less a bundle of quixotisms, he might have taken advantage of the situation, and real tragedy would have resulted. Of course he wasn't and didn't; Medora went back to her husband and the boredom of infinite peace once more descended on the valley around Bow Creek.

These characters—Medora, her husband, the man who was almost her lover—seem remarkably simple. The lady is capricious of course; she has a habit of putting Ned Dingle in the wrong when she herself is to blame, and often her motives are apparently inexplicable. One feels at the end, however, that one understands her perfectly. So also feel Kellock and her husband. It is as if the novelist had removed the cranial bones of all these people, to display the most secret action of their brains, and then said triumphantly, "Look, how simple these people are after all." By avoiding problems, however, Mr. Phillpotts avoids greatness; he must content himself with having written a very good second-rate novel.

Curiously enough the heroine of The Builders revolts like Medora against the tedious goodness of her husband. Angelica, however, is unhealthier than Mrs. Dingle; she is a beautiful, pale creature, growing daily more neurotic and vindictive. There is another woman also; a colorless nurse whom Miss Glasgow elects to be heroine of her tale and who declines the office with little grace. The author fails again when she tries to crowd into the narrow compass of her story the War, Reconstruction, and half a dozen other processes of which she seems to understand only the external features. Miss Glasgow skims brilliantly over the surface of event and character, her sallies never penetrate very deeply. Pale and shadowy as Angelica seems; as little

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as the reader or Miss Glasgow herself understand her motives, she remains the only three-dimensional figure.

M. C.

The Black Drop, by Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Co.

WITH all due regard for the sensibilities of those who wish to subject the arts to the test of 100 per cent Americanism, it must be admitted that the level of our war fiction is deplorably low. Except in the capacity of propagandists, most of our writers can scarcely be said to have done their bit. The Black Drop is free from cheap and glaring defects in plot and style. It is a good novel, as American novels go. And yet, paradoxically enough, its comparative technical excellence only emphasizes the futility of the attempt to create enduring literature out of a contrast between American righteousness and Teutonic wickedness.

Miss Brown lays the scene of her story in Boston in the few months which preceded America's entrance into the war. She sketches a typical New England family imbued with a grave and scholarly type of culture. The grandfather is a kindly, ineffectual person, who writes correct and uninteresting novels that fail to sell. His wife, helpful and devoted, remains largely in a softly shaded background. John, the younger son, a cripple, is the hero, although he takes himself and his determination to bring America into the war with somewhat sophomoric seriousness. The black sheep of the family is Charles, the older brother, an unscrupulous materialist who is deeply implicated in various German conspiracies. As the plot develops the evidence against Charles piles up; there are a few episodes of German intrigue, a trifle less absurd than such episodes usually are; and the story comes to an end as America enters the war, with a general meting out of punishments to the guilty and rewards to the virtuous.

The novel is not devoid of passages of dramatic power. The author achieves an effect that is at once pathetic and convincing when Charles's wife, who has left him in abhorrence at his treachery, declares that she will go back and stand by him if he is to be sent to prison. Miss Brown has studied puritan psychology to good effect. But all the author's skill cannot remove an impression of unreality from a novel whose fundamental appeal lies in hatred of all things German. Hatred itself is legitimate and excellent artistic stuff. But there are hates and hates. A hatred born of centuries of oppression, of wrongs suffered and inflicted can well express itself in terms of sombre and powerful art. But America's hatred for Germany, manufactured almost overnight, nursed along by movie dramas and four minute Ciceros, venting itself in such puerilities as changing Die Meistersinger to The Mastersingers on concert programs, such an artificial and spurious emotion could not conceivably generate a sense of authentic and deeprooted passion. The Black Drop must be considered another piece of literary propaganda, more clever than most of its kind, but scarcely less ephemeral.

W. H. C.

Contributors

W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS is a Harvard graduate, the editor of the Crisis, and the author of the Negro, and Souls of Black Folk.

HAROLD J. LASKI is a frequent contributor to the New Republic.

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